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LORD ACTON AND HIS OBITER DICTA ON HISTORY

In a letter to Mary Gladstone Lord Acton once wrote: "Don't mind coming to grief over parallels. A disposition to detect resemblances is one of the greatest sources of error." One is impelled, notwithstanding, to compare Lord Acton with the Sybil of Cumæ. Something of the oracular attaches itself inevitably to even the causal utterance of the most erudite man of his age; the cryptic character of his style, due to extreme condensation, increases the resemblance; and finally, the adjuration of Æneas is in point:

But oh! commit not thy prophetic mind
To flitting leaves, the sport of every wind,
Lest they disperse in air our empty fate!

Lord Acton has left behind him a reputation for learning which nearly touches the bounds of human achievement; the tradition of an historical conception of almost unparalleled grandeur: but the visible fruitage of his life is the existence of the *English Historical Review*, of which he was one of the founders; the Cambridge Modern History, of which he was the projector and organizer; a few printed lectures and scores of magazine articles, mostly unsigned—the fugitive leaves of the Sybil. In default of a systematic presentation of his vast stores of knowledge, Lord Acton stands in danger of becoming "the shadow of a mighty name."

It is therefore fortunate that under the auspices of the Royal Historical Society a bibliography of his writings has already been prepared; for it not only reveals the unsuspected number

and range of his publications, but identifies and rescues from oblivion his manifold anonymous productions. The bibliography fills twenty octavo pages, and includes upwards of four hundred and seventy titles.

John Emerich Edward Dalberg, Lord Acton, was born at Naples in 1834 and died at Tegernsee, in Bavaria, in 1902. His ancestry, like the course of his life, was cosmopolitan, and placed him in an incomparable position for surveying the wide range of modern history. His mastery of the French, German, Italian, and perhaps the Spanish, languages was as complete as his mastery of English; he lived in closest touch with the leading historians, politicians and churchmen of the states of western Europe. His political activities can here be indicated only, but were such as to admit him behind the scenes, not merely as passive observer, but as a determining force. His parliamentary career, whether as member for six years for the Irish borough of Carlow, or as spokesman, under a Liberal administration, for the Irish Office which he represented in the House of Lords by virtue of his official position as Lord-in-Waiting to the Queen, seems comparatively unimportant. Of greater moment are his constant relations with Mr. Gladstone. Acton was probably the indirect cause of Lowe's appointment as Chancellor of the Exchequer in 1868; and it is possible that, as Sir Mountstuart Grant Duff was assured "by one who had the fullest opportunity of knowing the truth," Gladstone followed Acton into the movement for Home Rule, and not the reverse. Most important of all for Acton's own development was his championship of the anti-papal cause at the Council of 1869-1870, where the dogma of Papal Infallibility was promulgated. Acton looked upon religion as the greatest interest and force in history and life; the action of the Council was diametrically opposed to his cherished conception of the Church as an institution the law of whose life was progress; and it is quite possible that his mind may henceforth have been oversensitive in dealing with ecclesiastical matters. However this may be, it is certain that few writers have had ampler opportunities for seeing political and ecclesiastical history in the making,—and Acton might well say, as practical man of affairs no less than as student of historical method,

"It is puerile to write modern history from printed books."

Lord Acton's public career in the field of scholarship may be summarized briefly. He was editor of *The Rambler* from 1859 to 1862, and of *The Home and Foreign Review* from 1862 to 1864; he was active in founding the *English Historical Review* in 1886; in the projection and internal organization of the Cambridge Modern History; and in 1895, probably at Lord Rosebery's instance, he became Regius Professor of Modern History at Cambridge.

Among the many productions of a biographical character which have appeared since Acton's death, the most elaborate is the Memoir by Herbert Paul, prefixed to his recently published edition of the "Letters of Lord Acton to Mary Gladstone." It contains substantive matter of importance and rarity—especially the summary of two lectures delivered by Lord Acton at Bridgnorth in 1877, which are notable as the sole approach in print to his celebrated History of Liberty.

Between 1877 and 1885 Acton is accredited with but one magazine article; it is therefore doubly fortunate that for (almost) exactly this period the innermost workings of his mind and thought should be revealed as they are in these Letters. Their substantive importance is great, for they cover a period marked by many great events in English history and are rich in intimate sketches of personal character and governmental policies. But they also contain Obiter Dicta which display his view of the nature of history, of the forces which work in history, and of historical method, more clearly here than elsewhere. His formal critiques are characterized by such indirectness of expression, such reticence and "detachment"—to use his own word—as to afford rather uncertain material for the discussion of these questions; the Inaugural Lecture deals with these specific topics, but is didactic in tone, a finished product to such an extent as to conceal as well as reveal its author's mind; the Letters, exhibiting his methods of destructive and constructive criticism in the making, contain much finer illustrative material than the copious notes appended to the Lecture. Lord Acton's formal writings are elusive; the Letters explain much that is obscure in them all.

I. Estimate of Human Nature.

"The science of character comes in with modern history," he declares. The features of medieval men are rarely seen save by reflected light, imperfectly; while "hundreds and even thousands of the moderns . . . may be studied in their private correspondence and sentenced on their own confession." On the whole, his opinion of human nature, as revealed in history, is low. In the Inaugural Lecture he cites with approval the dictum of Bayle: "It is more probable that the secret motives of an action externally indifferent are bad than good." There recurs in the Letters an even more explicit passage. "The experience of history teaches that the uncouthed majority of those who get a place in its pages are bad. We have to deal chiefly, in life, with people who have no place in history, and escape the temptations that are on the road to it. But most assuredly, now as heretofore, the Men of the Time are, in most cases, unprincipled, and act from motives of interest, of passion, of prejudice, . . . of selfish hope or unworthy fear." Hence may logically be deduced the precepts of the Inaugural Lecture: no trusting without testing; assume no historical witness to be honest until his sincerity is proved; better excess of rigor than indulgence in your judgments.

In this matter the historian and the administrator are to be guided by the same presumptions and the same rules. Acton finds here, curiously enough, the greatest weakness of his two most intimate friends—Döllinger in the historical field, Gladstone in the political. Both err through excess of charity. Döllinger refuses to see all the evil there is in men, and "looks for the root of differences in speculative systems, in defect of knowledge, in everything but moral causes." Gladstone hardly ever judges other men too severely and so does not always make bull's eyes. Objectively, however, with respect to purity of motive and the importation of high ethical principle into politics, he seems to be, in Acton's view, the exception which proves the rule. Gladstone is a statesman who does things because they are right, "from no motive more clever than duty," who believes "that politics is an affair of principle and morality, that it touches eternal interests as much as vices and virtues do in private life."

This, as will appear, illustrates a cardinal point in Acton's historical method.

II. *Historical Method.*

When the ever-suspicious critic of modern type displaced the compiler and "the artist in coloured narrative," there occurred a change of dynasty in the historic realm. The aim of criticism is that certainty of information which is far more useful than its mere abundance. In the mental development of the scholar, "solidity of criticism counts for more than plentitude of erudition."

Lord Acton draws a sharp distinction between the treatment to be accorded to actors in history and to those who write about them. It is expressed most clearly in his article on "German Schools of History," first of all articles in the *English Historical Review*. Historians are excluded "from the benefit of the common law that innocence must be assumed until guilt is proved. The presumption that is favorable to makers of history is adverse to writers of history. For history deals considerably with hanging matter, and nobody ought to hang on damaged testimony. The life of the witness must be subjected to closer scrutiny than the life of the culprit. He is condemned when he is suspected: doubt is decisive against him."

The most characteristic feature of Acton's historical method—apart from his determination to descry the root of political and ecclesiastical differences in moral causes—is his view of historical impartiality, involving as it does the judgment of men by standards not of their age. His impartiality is not the impartiality of Ranke's school (although Ranke was one of his masters), which presents facts in a colorless manner and shows its fairness by refraining from judgment, but rather that "more robust" impartiality which dares to pronounce the sentence that justice demands. Acton writes of Thiers that late in life he said of Napoleon, "*Il faut convenir que c'était un scélérat et un fou*;" as an historian he had concealed this fact in twenty volumes—a method of which Acton disapproves. Further, Acton believes that "morality has fixed, not ambulatory standards." He has no sympathy with those who, to quote his own words from

the Machiavelli, declare "that public life is not an affair of morality, that there is no available rule of right and wrong, that men must be judged by their age, [and] that the code shifts with the longitude." "Never lower the standard of rectitude," he warns the students at Cambridge, "but try others by the final maxim that governs your own lives and suffer no man and no cause to escape the undying penalty which history has the power to inflict on wrong. . . . If we lower our standard in history," he impressively adds, "we cannot uphold it in Church or State." Few historical writers adopt this standard of judgment.

Among an historian's qualifications Lord Acton justly prizes "detachment." By it he means objectivity, that quality of self-effacement by virtue of which the historian loses his own personality and peculiar ideas in order to identify himself with other personalities and the ideas of other times. It is an indispensable prerequisite to critical analysis; as applied to the act of judging it issues in impartiality. Acton learned the art, he says, from Coleridge, but he seems to consider George Eliot its highest exponent. And in fact, she might with much reason be styled the historian's novelist. Acton says that she was one among the eighteen or twenty writers by whom he was conscious that his mind had been formed. To a certain extent the business of their lives was the same: "My life," he writes, "is spent in endless striving to make out the inner point of view, the *raison d'être*, the secret of fascination for powerful minds of systems of religion and philosophy, and of politics, the offspring of the others; and one finds that the deepest historians know how to display their origin and their defects, but do not know how to think or to feel as men do who live in the grasp of the various systems." George Eliot did. And her subsequent "detachment" was such that she could expose "scientifically and indifferently the soul of a Vestal, a Crusader, an Anabaptist, an Inquisitor, a Dervish, a Nihilist, or a Cavalier, without attraction, preference or caricature. And each of them should say that she displayed him in his strength." These passages reveal the qualities which Acton prizes in the historian, but usually fails to find: penetration, insight into motive—surface and background; the presentation of the opposing case at its strongest; complete

identification followed by complete detachment and ruthless, yet impartial, analysis and judgment.

III. *The Relations of History, Politics, Ethics, Religion and Freedom.*

It has been said of Lord Acton that he was the most catholic of Catholics and the least papistical of papists. It might also be said that he was the most liberal of Catholics and the most catholic of Liberals. The two ideas which lay most closely at his heart were religion and liberty, and they were his chosen themes for historical exposition.

His works abound in aphorisms on these subjects. "In the revolt of the last ten years against utilitarians and materialists," he wrote in 1886, "the growth of ethical knowledge has become, for the first time, the supreme object of history." "The marrow of civilized history is ethical, not metaphysical, and the deep underlying cause of action passes through the shape of right and wrong." "Political differences essentially depend on disagreement in moral principles." Religion is the master key to human action. Politics is the offspring of religion and philosophy. "The ends of liberty are the true ends of politics." "To develop and perfect and arm conscience is the great achievement of history, the chief business of every life, and the first agent therein is religion or what resembles religion." But on the other hand, "To have no moral test of duty apart from religion is to be a fanatic."

Religious bias Acton regards as the most insidious bias in both the making and the writing of history. "Subtlest of all such [error-causing] influences is not family, or college, or country, or class, or party, but religious antagonism. There is much more danger for a high-principled man of doing injustice to the adherent of false doctrine, of judging with undeserved sympathy the conspicuous adherent of true doctrine, than of hating a Frenchman or loving a member of Brook's." All understanding of history, he further declares, depends on knowledge of the forces which make it, "of which religious forces are the most active and the most definite." We cannot follow the mental variations of individuals, but "when we know the religious mo-

tive, that the man was an Anabaptist, an Arminian, a Deist, or a Jansenist, we have the master key." This must in large measure be true, but Acton himself, more than another, incurs the danger of allowing the religious idea to absorb the individual. This is particularly true of his attitude toward those whom he calls Ultramontanes. He seems to have his own peculiar definition of the word and he applies his own peculiar standard of criticism with unsparing vigor. He judges the men of the Counter-Reformation apart from the standard of their time, requires his contemporaries to do the same, and includes in one condemnation both the persecutors of the sixteenth century and the men of the present day who do not find them guilty of murder without extenuating circumstances. Newman and Manning are cases in point.

The subject of Acton's Inaugural Lecture was in part, the Unity of Modern History. He regards it as the resultant of the religious motive working in combination with the principle of freedom. In comparison with such a history as Lord Acton would have written *in extenso*, it seems not unfair to paraphrase this sketch and include it among his *Obiter Dicta*.

The first of human concerns is religion, and it is the salient feature of the modern centuries. These open with an age of extreme indifference, ignorance and decline, and are succeeded by an age whose key-note was dogmatic conviction—a force which, until the days of Cromwell, remained the supreme influence and motive of public policy. Then followed an era, wearied with struggle of faith and creed, in which the controversial spirit was increasingly displaced by the scientific—although church interests have not even yet completely disappeared from politics. The struggles of the early Reformation resulted in the formation of national churches, followed by the rise of sects in the seventeenth century; the sects were concerned with the individual rather than with the State-Church; they sought to restrict the sphere of enforced command to fixed limits; and to do that which formerly had been done by authority, outward discipline and organized violence, by means of the principle of the division of power, and the use of the intellect and conscience of free men. The dominion of will over will was thus exchanged for

the dominion of reason over reason. The zeal formerly displayed in proclaiming authoritative doctrine was used for liberty of prophesying; rationalism, toleration and political freedom were final results, and today the three most important countries in the globe are numbered among the conquests of the Protestant Reformation.

Beginning with the strongest religious movement and with the most refined despotism ever known, the modern historical cycle has led to the superiority of politics over divinity in the life of nations, and it terminates in the equal claim of every man to be unhindered by man in the fulfillment of his duty to God. This is a doctrine laden with storm and havoc, the secret essence of the rights of man, the indestructible soul of Revolution.

It is no hyperbole to say that the progress of the world toward self-government would have been arrested but for the strength afforded by the religious motive in the seventeenth century. And it is this constancy of progress, of progress in the direction of organized and assured freedom, which is the characteristic fact of modern history and its tribute to the theory of a guiding Providence. The wisdom of divine rule appears, not in the perfection, but in the improvement of the world; and liberty achieved is the one ethical result that emerges from the converging and combined conditions of modern civilization. History thus becomes, as Leibniz says, the true demonstration of religion.

But what does liberty mean?—a word which Acton elsewhere says, “resembles the camel and enjoys more definitions than any object in nature; an idea of which there are two hundred definitions,” whose “wealth of interpretation has caused more bloodshed than anything except theology.” An answer which would satisfy the rigor of philosophy is not needed here; it can be defined by its results. Where absolutism once reigned, with concentrated possessions, auxiliary churches, and inhuman laws, it reigns no more; neither authorities, nor minorities, nor majorities, can command implicit obedience. Societies have come into being, which, by long and arduous experience, have obtained a rampart of tried conviction and accumulated knowledge; these, possessing a fair level of general morality, education, courage and self-restraint, prove that the world is moving

onward and mirror the condition of life to which, through liberty, the world is tending. By outward signs you may know them: the extinction of slavery, the existence of representative government, the reign of public opinion; but better still by less apparent evidence—the security of weaker groups and the liberty of conscience which, once secured, secures the rest.

Such is Lord Acton's formal account of modern history, shaping and shaped by religion and liberty. In the Bridgnorth Lectures of 1877, memorable as the sole printed approach to History of Liberty, is to be found an interesting definition of that word. "By Liberty I mean the assurance that every man shall be protected in doing what he believes to be his duty, against the influence of authority and majorities, custom and opinion. Liberty . . . is itself the highest political end." This may be supplemented by the golden words in a letter to Mary Gladstone: "The danger is not that a particular class is unfit to govern. Every class is unfit to govern. The law of liberty tends to abolish the reign of race over race, of faith over faith, of class over class."

This Bridgnorth Lecture also assigns to America her place in the march of the nations. Acton believed that the only known forms of liberty are Republics and Constitutional Monarchies. "Europe [in 1770] seemed incapable of becoming the home of free States. It was from America that the plain ideas that men ought to mind their own business, and that the nation is responsible to Heaven for the acts of the State, ideas long locked in the breast of solitary thinkers and hidden away in Latin folios, burst forth like a conqueror upon the world they were destined to transform under the title of the Rights of Man."

IV. *The Relation of Persons and Ideas to Historical Development.*

It is fair to suppose that Lord Acton agreed, in principle, with the manifesto of the *English Historical Review* concerning the nature of history—that it is the record of human action and of thought only in its direct influence upon action; that it deals more largely with statesmen and politicians than with private

citizens, but that wherever a private citizen exercises a profound influence, history is concerned with him as the source of such influence. One part of the notes which he spent his life in accumulating, deals specifically with important moments in the development and ideas of great intellects. It is by a passage which enumerates the specific services of specific men that he fixes the time at which modern history begins. In his Inaugural Lecture he writes: "We cannot afford wantonly to lose sight of great men and memorable lives and are bound to store up objects for admiration as far as may be; for the effect of implacable research is constantly to reduce their number." Hero-worship he abhors. "Excepting Froude," he writes in one of his Letters, "I think Carlyle the most detestable of historians. The doctrine of heroes, the doctrine that will is above law, comes next in atrocity to the doctrine that the flag covers the goods, that the cause justifies its agents, which is what Froude lives for." On the other hand, while seeming to disapprove of the Hegelian view by which "the individual is swallowed up in the logic of events," it can hardly be doubted that his own philosophic tendencies led him very far in that direction. Everywhere he emphasizes the power of the idea rather than of the man. In practical politics, party with him "is not so much a group of men as a set of ideas and ideal aims": it is "sacred" to him as a body of doctrine, but not as an association of men bound together by mutual obligations and engagements, rather than common convictions. "In the life of every great man there is a point where fidelity and ideas, which are the justifying cause of party, diverges from fidelity to arrangements and understandings which are its machinery. And one expects a great man to sacrifice his friends—at least his friendships—to the higher cause." The passage illustrates his historical judgment of statesmanlike consistency as well as of the importance of the idea in history and politics. Back of the man is the party, where there is a party, and back of the party is the idea, and the idea is more than the man or the party. "It is the function of the historian to keep in view and command the movement of ideas, which are not the effect but the causes of public events," says the Inaugural Lecture. Even more explicit

are the words of a Letter already quoted in part: "There are some twenty or thirty predominant currents of thought or attitudes of mind or system-bearing principles, which jointly or severally weave the web of human history and constitute the civilized opinion of the age. The majority of them are either religious or substitutes for religion—Lutheran, Puritan, Anglican, Ultramontane, Congregational, Rationalist, Positivist, etc., etc. . . . All understanding of history depends on the knowledge of the forces which make it."

Nothing better illustrates Lord Acton's view of the importance of the idea in history, and of the place and measure of the individual as an historical force, than his critique of Seeley's "Expansion of England."

Lord Acton succeeded Sir John Seeley in 1895 as Regius Professor of Modern History in Cambridge, and his Inaugural Lecture was fittingly opened with a courteous tribute to his predecessor and an attempt to discover between them a certain community of historical belief and practice. Now Seeley specifically limits history to man acting in and through the State. "Politics," he declares, "are vulgar when they are not liberalized by history, and history fades into mere literature when it loses sight of its relation to practical politics." To this statement Acton gives a limited approval. "Everybody perceives the sense in which this is true. For the science of politics is the one science that is deposited by the stream of history, like grains of gold in the sand of a river; and the knowledge of the past, the record of truths revealed by experience, is eminently practical as an instrument of action and a power that goes to the making of the future." Elsewhere he refers to the student of history "who is the politician with his face turned backward." But Acton's conception of history was far wider than this. In his Lecture he could not well proclaim the full extent of his divergence from the ways of his predecessor; in the Letters to Miss Gladstone he was under no such restriction. "I sent for Seeley," he writes, "and read him with improvement, with much pleasure and with more indignation." The root of this last emotion was Seeley's inveterate habit of dealing with persons and personalities to the exclusion of the fundamental ideas which

pre-determined their action. He saw no Whiggism but only Whigs, and he wondered at the mistakes of the Whigs when he should have been tracing the development of their doctrine and its influence on politics, commerce and established institutions. This, in Acton's view, is all wrong. "The great object, in trying to understand history, is to get behind men and to grasp ideas. Ideas have a radiation and development, an ancestry and posterity of their own, in which men play the part of godfathers and godmothers more than that of legitimate parents." The work and place of a scientist is determined by measuring the gap in the state of the science before he came and after he went. The progress of the science is more to the world than the idiosyncrasy of the scientist. So also in history. "The vividness and force with which we trace the motion of history depends on the degree to which we look beyond persons and fix our gaze on things." The implication, therefore, is that the historian should avoid Seeley's method and "go straight at the impersonal forces which rule the world, such as predestination, equality, divine right, secularism, congregationalism, nationality, and whatever other ruling ideas have grouped and propelled associations of men." This is Lord Acton's historic ideal.

In one sense Lord Acton has left no *Obiter Dicta* except in his letters, on the margins of his books, and in reported conversations. His "black boxes" contain, we are told, the systematized results of his readings: the substance and purport of each work he studied; the important moments in the development and ideas of great intellects; the material needed for the detailed scrutiny of great historical problems—notes voluminous, applicable and constantly applied to all the historical topics he treated. But in another and a very true sense, all of his utterances are *Obiter Dicta*. He wrote an enormous amount, but made no systematic presentation *in extenso* of his interpretation of history. His writings are scattered in fragmentary fashion over long periods of time; "carried on a little apart from the main chain of durable literature," to use his own expression with regard to magazine articles; not synchronized or harmonized, lacking the force of unity, evoked by the call of the time. When his Cambridge Lectures are published, something will have

been done to reveal his maturest opinions upon modern history from the Reformation through the French Revolution.

It is too early to pronounce upon his rank and place among writers of history and public men. Measuring him by his own standard, one can only conjecture whether his influence in shaping historical thought and adding to historical knowledge will not be considered inferior to his influence in determining public policies and in moulding contemporary political and religious opinion. In both fields his action has been largely indirect. In politics and church affairs he was a champion of losing causes. In the sphere of history much depends upon the permanence of his influence in Cambridge and the ultimate effect upon historical studies produced by the Cambridge Modern History. His *magnum opus*, the History of Liberty, remained an aspiration.

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THE UTILITY OF BEAUTY

"A thing of beauty is a joy forever," is the rapturous utterance of a very young man. Only too soon do we discover that the "law of diminishing returns" is operative in the realm of the æsthetic and spiritual quite as surely, though more slowly, than in the realm of sensation. As with the drug the dose has to be increased, as in every sensational experience, if protracted, the stimulus has to become more emphatic or subtly penetrant, so we find that for sensitiveness to things spiritual and lovely, the appeal, if protracted or continuous, requires some sort of rebirth of us — the subject, some refreshment, dipping into the fount of youth — if our rapture, our ecstasy, nay, our pleasurable excitement, is to continue increasing or constant.

Relative novelty, then, must always remain an element of importance in our judgments, though we freely admit that the best test of things artistic is nevertheless: can they endure familiarity without a resulting indifference or contempt on our part? It is not that the old things are worse, but that our powers fail us, and that we need variety in the appeal, however willing we may be, to compel some measure of attention. How much more, if we desire to create a profound emotional interest? Coleridge's "Ode to Dejection" is not the morbid record of a merely personal degeneracy. Beauty, while it has undoubtedly its objective follies, if one might so say, is as a psychic experience dependent upon a certain resiliency and superabundance of spirit in us. "Joy is the beauty-making power" and "we in ourselves rejoice." Should we become disappointed with self and this fount of inner delight run dry, we shall, like Coleridge, "see, not feel how beautiful they are": — those clouds piling golden about the setting sun; those seas stretching before us cold to the dawn; those mountains reaching wistfully into the blue; those lovely valleys filled with idyllic hopes and delicious delicate eccentricities of coloring and form; those marvellous prayers in stone, the Gothic cathedrals; those quiet, serene, because self-controlled, perfections of the Greek sculptor; those epics and dramas that have fed the higher soul of our civilization for many centuries.

Now, is there any escape from this dying out in us of that experience which as we grow older we need more and more sorely? The adolescent have their world in them; they suffice unto themselves. Their eyes are closed save to their own reflections in the universal looking-glass. They do not seem to need God. They do not require the support of art. Only a few temperamentally melancholy, supersensitive, subtly unsocial seem to desire anything besides food and shelter and expenditure of energy, noisy companionship, and a circle of adoring elders. The hunger and thirst for righteousness does not become an ache until we have known sin. The yearning for beauty does not become a compelling passion until we have known ugliness. But right here we get a suggestion, offered us by the mother who lives her life over again in her daughter whom she is introducing to society; by the father who is making a place in the business world for his son. When we, on our own account, cease to respond to a stimulus, we can indirectly, through sympathy, obtain a reaction thereto in ourself, by imparting to another the experience of the joy we once had ourself. That is why I take my favorite book from the shelf most often when my friend is with me. I know what it contains; I know it is noble, lovely, exquisite, holy; I fear to discover that I am dull of sight, hard of hearing, and I leave the book unopened when alone.

So, to use theological language, "faith" leads to "works" because "works" preserve and restore "faith." The very self-preservative instinct of "faith" impels the faithful to "works." It is after all then no altruistic impulse in us which makes us artist, preacher, proselytizer, teacher, special pleader for things divine.

In Browning's "Pauline," the gifted youth who refuses to embody his ideas in definite language because he prefers to admire his shifting day-dream world and adore himself as its creator, will suffer that decline of his image-making power so subtly analyzed by Browning later in the case of Sordello. He who refuses his endeavor to glorify his God by obtaining for him the praise of others, will sooner or later forfeit the bliss of worship which, to save himself from odious comparisons of present with

past and consequent despair, he shall have to secure somehow.

Quite apart from any pride in creation, any ambitious longings for fame or fortune, every sincere lover of beauty sooner or later will find stirring in himself this missionary zeal. Hence, the enduring of poetic birth-pains, of hopes deferred, of remorse at failures, of shame incident to disparagement and misunderstanding, and all for the "cause": an ever fresh revelation to himself, in all her virgin loveliness, of Lady Beauty.

To obtain a definition of art is no easy matter, and the reason perhaps is that every artist sets forth from the particulars of his special art and therefore arrives at a conclusion insufficiently general to satisfy his brethren who worship Lady Beauty according to another rite. When Molière humorously presents us with a picture of that *naïf enfant terrible*, his Bourgeois, crying out, "And when I say 'fetch my slippers,' is that prose? Have I been talking prose all my life without knowing it?" it is of course the pedantic rhetorician who is coming in for good-natured criticism quite as much as the Bourgeois. Prose, if we mean by it an art-form, is not stumbled into by most of us. To be natural is not always to be gracious, noble, or even interesting. The masters of prose are fewer in number than the masters of verse. Just because the rules of the technique of prose-expression are more unseizable and manifold, because the range is greater and the shadings more delicate, it would be less likely for a man to stumble into prose than into verse. Language having its daily, hourly utilities as a medium of haphazard human intercourse is one thing, and quite another thing is language seized upon by the holy spirit of man for the ennoblement of things expressed, for the enlargement of hearer and reader, to the vanishing of horizon limits, to the intensive realization of the life of the body and the soul. It is so with all other materials, not merely with language. But perhaps no art suffers as much as literary art by the confusion of terms. Cyclopædias are not literature. Newspaper writing very rarely makes even an effort to be literature. Most of the fiction devoured by the readers who have learned the three R's, but never served their apprenticeship, never applied for a novitiate, are mere panderings, mere pretenses—utilities that hardly rank with cabbage leaf tobacco,

cereal coffee, but—surely they are in no sense “art.” For as not all verbal expression is art,—prose or verse,—so not all drawing, all sculpting, all thrumming and strumming is art. Expression to be sure it is; but only expression that arrests attention, conveys intention, and produces distention can rightly be considered art. It is only such expression as impresses with the worth of what is expressed by the manner of the expression, that deserves the name; and to be true art, the impression of worth must be in due proportion to the presumed importance of what is expressed.

The question of course may be raised, “Why art at all?” to which we should answer, “Why expression at all of any sort?” “Speech is silver and silence is golden.” Why not then the golden standard forever and aye, “Aum and ecstasy”? We should be disposed to reply: Because “Aum and ecstasy” are reasonably possible only to the cross-legged Yogi with milleniums of rice diet. To us carnivorous folk who do and die, who are essentially active and not contemplative, to whom rest is incident to work, for whom the night is the interval between day and day, what we need is not “Aum and ecstasy,” golden silence, but noble and ennobling speech. If we are racially compelled to utterance, if we can never say die while alive, and if living to us means doing, then art becomes a temperamental religious necessity, a *sine qua non* of exaltation and ideal apotheosis for the men of our European and American stocks.

The highest intelligent man of our race may not be blessed like William Blake with fourfold vision; Beulah may for him be a promised land; a much more so than that realm unpromised where one beholds the unseen, the unthinkable. But to him at least is granted twofold vision always: things-as-they-are, and things-as-they-might-be and are not; as they are not though they were such perhaps, and are to be such again some time. He may endeavour to give his ideal world a home in the mystic past: some golden age of innocence, some Eden life unfallen, some time when the Gods walked with man. Or, like the modern evolutionist, he may project his ideal world forward into the ages to come. In either case the contrast remains: the world-as-it-is, the world-as-it-can-be-thought.

To the world-as-it-is the practical man is closely related. In the world-as-it-might-be the man of the spirit claims his citizenship. Now things-as-they-are compel us to see them, and things-as-they-were-or-are-to-be must seem therefore relatively unreal. The soul makes its hunger felt, when the spirit will starve without a murmur. We live in the present and we can not afford to be absent-minded or absent-hearted. If however the present be sordid, base, ignoble, mean, shall not we ourselves be assimilated to it and become sordid, base, ignoble, mean? The seer in the sty? The poet in the garret? Young love in a cottage? True, and when we are seers, all anointed inevitably, when we are poets of unfailing aspiration and inspiration, when we are immortal lovers having bathed in Morris's Well at the World's End; then can we safely inhabit cottage, attic, or sty. When, in other words, we have the child's power of touching our environment with the fairy-wand and making the garbage-barrel in the back yard become a pile of multi-colored precious things strewn with diamonds; then it may be safe for us. When pumpkin will do for carriage, and rats for coachmen, we do not need art because we have not the twofold vision. We do not see things-as-they-are, we only see things-as-they-might be. But then on the other hand our social value to the world is well nigh lost. We are hermits, harmless egomaniacs or children grown up, that most awful thing—the little babe by increase of dimension become the simpering idiot. We *must* live in the world of things-as-they-are and we must take cognizance of the relations of things in that world; for if ever the world of things-as-they-are is to realize in part our vision of things-as-they-might-be, it will not be through hocus pocus, self-deception, not through Eddyite denials of the obvious; but through honest recognition of facts and courageous affirmations in long protracted toil that will result in bringing our two worlds at least to partial reconciliation, and the soul to some degree of merited peace. For so long as these worlds are wholly apart and hostile we ourselves must suffer a species of dychotomy. To say the least, our amphibious life becomes distressing, and we tend to ignore or deny that world which will best brook ignoring or denial. We will drift with the current only, instead of out-

speeding it by oar or sail. It is to save us from thus being helplessly drifted with the current that art is summoned to our aid.

We may arrive then at some notion of what art is by clearly recognizing its human service. To make us see things-as-they-are-not with some measure of distinctness and make us believe in that vision it has granted us; to make us discern intellectual realities as vividly as we are often compelled to suffer the grosser realities of sense; this is the function of art. Not that every ideal is better than the actual. There may be ideals infinitely worse than the actual. Only the ideal, that which-ought-(as we say)-to be, is among the things that are not; and in order really to discern the worth of that particular possibility we must appeal to sense and emotion. If it be found worthy, we may then anticipate development and contribute therefore "to the shortening of the times." If it be found unworthy, we shall have, by our own imaginative experience of it, quenched to the soul's profit, forever perchance, a false and vicious hope.

Progress is at the risk of degeneracy, and the visions of things ideal, the art prophetic and poetic, may serve Ahriman as well as Ormuzd. This proviso we frankly make, and proceed to restate what we deem to be the office of art: to create an appearance that can compete with actuality, not by delusion causing a hallucinatory error, but by illusion; an association, that is to say, with what is real, establishing some arbitrary point of contact between the sense-world and the world of ideas, a form forced upon stone, a meaning injected into words, an incantation made into sounds competent to call up some specific emotion. And all this that we may see things-as-they-are-not, knowing that they are not actually, but are in a deeper sense for us already real, real as tree in acorn, real as rose in slip, and that they may and must indeed come to be actual for us or in us, or for and in our offspring, the men that yet shall be.

Let us revert again to what we mean by idealization. We have heard so much of realism and naturalism that we suppose to idealize is to be wilfully fantastic, absurd, maudlin, to reveal a childish or senile incompetency of some sort. The fact is that the extremest theoretical realist or naturalist never for one

instant in his practice expects to take the world haphazard as he finds it. When my artist friend says that everything "has an interesting aspect" and that therefore one need have no care for selection of subjects for art, he tucks away into his word "aspect" that process of selection so essential to art, and which he is unaware of because it is instinctive. Even the photographer must "compose." He must not only dispose his matter with reference to his point of view, but he must relate the parts of his subject with reference to a united significant effect; he must in other words extricate the essential from the insignificant details. If our artist works in terms of time rather than of space, as epic, or dramatic poet, he must show a consciousness of the cause in the effect; insinuate what is possible in the mere appearance of what is; make the latent, patent, so to say; the genetic, vital; and the meaning, inherent. He must emphasize and individualize; seize and eternalize the moment or sequence of moments in the progress of events; isolate aspects of things; in a word, anticipate evolution.

And all this the artist does; not of a set purpose, perhaps, but most persistently because he desires that their presentation, interpretation, or creation shall give us joy; that we shall feel a passion for it, a fear and awe of it, a tender devotion to it. And this he cannot accomplish except by economizing our energy, directing us aright, saving us from the haphazards and bad luck, by the best road, or the well-defined grassy pathway; leaving us free only where we are safe, giving us just enough to do that we may share his joy of creation, and imagine that it is we who have discovered the meaning, that by us the value has been assigned to the vision, and that of us it obtains its symbolic worth, its sacramental halo.

Is there, however, no need of ethical criticism? Shall the artist make us hells as well as heavens? Shall he create for us the Witch of Hørsel as well as the Venus Urania? It is only he who has not been fully initiated into the mysteries of art who fears for us the results of æsthetic freedom. Only what appeals to us in our highest, that does not incur the condemnation of our noblest, will long maintain itself. The abominations of the fashion plate are misbegotten and born amiss into the world by

the Trade-spirit ; and the unholy monster straightway devours his own offspring. It is so of every other abomination or mere virtuosity that is meaningless or abhorrent to the noble in man. False ideals, degrading experiences, may be bravely set forth in art ; and though they may not be for all men, yet their very artistic treatment will serve to disinfect and neutralize their poison. Surely the "City of Dreadful Night" will minister to a mind diseased the æsthetic antidote, rather than encourage melancholia. The "Laus Veneris" may have been abused ; but it has corrupted as yet probably no man or woman. The "Fleurs du Mal" whatever may be said against them in so far as they are art, have done the world no harm. Whereas, to decree ethically what shall or shall not be endeavored by the artist, would mean the death of the art spirit. Every great prophet has been called dangerous and immoral and subversive of order by his contemporaries. Every great moral innovator must make experiments perhaps in his own person. If he is to discover new truth he must set aside all pre-judgments however right they may be, repeal all laws however prudent, to ascertain afresh for himself and us what the veritable facts may be. So St. Paul assures us that insomuch as sin abounded, so much the more did grace abound. And Shelley, Bryon and Goethe, and Heine, not assuredly unimpeachable in their private lives, have served to advance in definiteness the moral ideal of the race ; the error and weakness of the artist has served as truly (nay more so perhaps) as his success, or virtue. The Bible has its obscene passages. Shakespeare might be wrested to a soul's destruction. Men have committed suicide after reading the "Sorrows of Werther," —but so did the swine choke in the sea of Gennesareth !

Without freedom of the artist, no art ; and without art, if you include in the term all those means to set before us the world-as-it-is-not-but-as-it-might-be, we are mere animals living to individual and associate animal ends. To be endowed with the power to compare, invent, and discover, to have all our activities leading to definitions of truth and good, and these being deprived of all real actualization here and now, in so far as they are felt to be the substance of our human life, —such a condition

must cause that bitter despondency, that awful despair to supervene, which will throw us back upon our merely animal selves. What is truth? Where is good? Have these no reality save in idea? Are they malign ghosts haunting our sensual feast? So we doubt and disbelieve and suffer until art says yea to our hopes, and the ideal is real; and we are bid behold and worship. So art saves our faith in God, because it saves our faith in man as man.

The province then of art, we repeat, is to render sensible what we would have so. The Zeus? The Apollo? Behold *the* Man. But the Laokoön? Ay? And Oedipus, Job, and Lear? The painful and the criminal even are by deeper understanding of life to be redeemed for us. We are to be carried in the chariot of fire unto the farther side of disillusion, beyond despondency. But the Satyr? The Pan? Here also art has the sane office. Aristophanes, Molière, and George Meredith,—what do they endeavour to do but save us from our cynicism, from criticism reacting acidly upon our self? Is the world not good enough for us? Is there failure, inconsistency, absurdity? So much the better. The exception proves the rule. This perverse and absurd world could not maintain itself here at all, but that it is founded on the unshakable, and surrounded of the serene. If our intellect is confounded, it is but that we may be compelled to live with the Gods and behold all things very good from the superhuman point of view. So in the true presentation of the ideal, in the redemption of the hideous and grotesque, in the reinterpretation of the perverse and contemptible working idyllically, tragically, comically, humourously or satirically, art is always performing the same holy office: making us realize the world vision in and through the world of sense.

But the practical man, the man who has spent perhaps the best years of his life in the midst of things-as-they-are, refuses altogether to recognize consciously and pay his devotions to the world of things-as-they-might-be. He will not read poetry except for information. Literature and sculpture and painting must for him immortalize incidents and events, subtly present him with usable psychology, be the weather prophet unto his shifty climate. He must have his little moral Q. E. D. tacked

to the fable, or fancy that he gets a magic spell to improve his luck. If song and dance and procession are allowed, it is not for their loveliness but for their vanities and lubricity, their advertising value in pomp and show. He must have shelter that will make known his bank balance. He would have comfort, amusement, distraction, excitement for the miserable little leisure that his business leaves. If art will do these things he will accept of art. He recognizes the necessity of decorating the banquet hall, publishing his patriotism with bunting, receiving the president with illuminations and the diamond-studded shirt-bosom, because these things keep up faith in an era of prosperity! So your practical man always and always insists upon an immediate utilitarian service, if he is to invest even stolen goods in art. And the artist is apt to speak harshly of the practical man, consider him an out and out savage, deserving only to be electrocuted—when artists shall control the government!

Fortunately for us the republic of Plato is not likely to be set up for a while. The poets will not be banished the land, neither will the philosophers make or administer the laws. The practical man whatever his shortcomings, by his very contact with the world of things-as-they-are is trained to demand of art that one thing without which art cannot maintain itself true for any length of time. It is altogether too easy for the artist to build a Chinese wall about himself,—coteries, cliques, mutual admiration societies,—and circumscribe the realm of his goddess, Beauty, and render her worship impotent for social good. The practical man says, show me the use of art, bring the world of things-as-they-might-be into specific and immediate touch with the world of things-as-they-are, at one point surely, at every point if possible. Now, whatever we think of him, we shall have to recognize the plain fact that the practical man will urge these demands. We must conciliate the selfish nature in him avoiding thus its hostilities which would neutralize for him all the spiritual efficacy of art; we must preoccupy the conscious mind of him whom we would cause to worship, so as to contract its circle of vigilance, distract it from the scrutiny of what it cannot comprehend, and so effectively reach it as an irresistible suggestion through the deeper inner man. "Here is the useful, præ-

tical friend. I recommend art to you only as useful!" And before he knows, the practical man finds his faith reviving, his will fortified, his love fanned to a blaze, and all these things seem to be a discovery of his own, an inspiration of his own, coming as they do to him out of himself. This is good psychology. If art desires to convince, it must first then understand that for every man the most truly delightful is likely to be in his present untutored state part of what is to him uninteresting, tiresome, provoking, or positively repulsive. If we are to wheedle our prospective convert out of his prejudices, we shall do so best by that highest art, a total concealment of art, that art which we are not always conscious of as admirers and adorers, because the producers thereof had themselves ceased to be conscious of as producers, it being the product of long devoted habit, study, resolute addiction, blessed occurrences and inspirations. When art becomes deliberately and self magnifyingly didactic; when art talks of its "mission" and "message" overmuch, and struts about fantastically, crowns itself with laurel, and deports itself unseemly, art is in eminent danger of perishing. So the demands of the practical man are but reinforcements of the highest demands of the poetic spirit in man. The practical man demands selflessness in poet and seer. That is his guarantee of the effective working in and through him of that higher self, that racial consciousness, *Zeit-geist*, muses, Holy Spirit,—call it what you please. Without it true art has never come to being and power in the recorded past.

It is for these reasons that the Arts and Crafts movement is to be held as salutary in spite of temporary aberrations, and the inevitable occasional exploitations of the general programme. William Morris was more of a prophet as craftsman and salesman, than on the socialist platform. I want a chair for comfort. It shall serve my body first. My body only? Shall it serve me as it could serve an ape? "No," says the chair. "See when you are at leasure to see: I am rightly honestly built, graceful and strong. I am honest; I am generous. I am for thee then not only as ape but as normal man. If thou hast time and will to consider, he who made me was not a slave, a machine. He was as thou, my owner, or he could never have understood thy

wants and made me for thee. When thou art with me thou art also with the spirit of a friend and brother, and when thou hast leisure let me further whisper into thine ear: I am not only for thee as thou art, but for thee as thou mightest be. Before thee were *men*, else were not I such; and after thee I am ready for thy children's children. My maker has anticipated their consciousness; what is dim in thee, and what thou therefore canst not see but dimly in me, shall be bright in them, and shall for them shine out brightly from me. I see the immortality of thy race, the immortality of the individual spirit if there be further evolution for thee after death. I am of the noble past. I am for the nobler future." So it is that the beautiful chair becomes a prophet unto the weary and despondent worker, a cheerer, a comforter, a friend of the spirit. So it is that art takes our inner life and compels it to its higher possibilities, nay, rather impels and persuades, establishes the dominion of the fortunate moment, perennializes the instant of surest and sanest vision.

Thou hast been on the mount and hast beheld the ordinarily unseen? Very well. Descend into the valley. Yet ere thou goest down, take with thee this shining stone, this flower, as tokens that thou hast been here communing with God. Thou sayest "Why, am I not full of the vision?" True, thou art now full of the vision, but at the foot of the mount is the demoniac boy, and the multitudes of little faith. Take down with thee a tale, a sketch, a song, a dance, a little daub, a foolish modeling, the plan of a structure; nay, not only to testify that thou hast seen, but to give unto others the desire to climb the mount whence thou sawest what thou canst but ill report!

To the present writer at all events it seems clear that without public glory there could not long be patriotism or civic pride; that order and self subordination cannot long be without a sense of worth in the whole of which we may be but an insignificant part; and that this sense of worth in the whole which we must serve, needs must be set forth for us in monument and building, in music and poetry and pageant; must be made to appeal to eye and ear and touch, if it is to conquer the rebellious lusts of the individual and make him a joyous servant of society. Not that art will suffice to do all this, but all this cannot be done at all

without art. How shall the masses maintain their faith in God without psalms, and temples, and eloquence of story and parable, and harp and organ, and voice; without procession and dance, spectacle and drama? Without art, faith in God, which is but higher faith in man, has never long maintained itself. Hence the sublime social, political, moral, religious utility of art to the civilized man of our practical American society. And what needs to be done to obtain the loyal and generous obedience of our men of affairs as also of our leaders of the people to the behests of art? Convince them of the utility of beauty. Assure them that beauty is not ashamed to be useful, to reach modestly and indirectly,—proud rather that she can never be true to herself without subserving the humblest as well as the loftiest uses of man.

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THE STORIES OF THE OLD TESTAMENT

Every healthy-minded boy and girl loves a story. Men and women, who are simply children grown up, find an inexhaustible charm in the story literature of a people, of a race. In this short paper I purpose saying a few words about the wonderful stories which are to be found in the Old Testament, stories which are thousands of years old, which have out-lived empires and republics, and which will last, as far as we can see,

Till the sun grows cold,
And the stars are old,
And the leaves of the Judgment
Book unfold.

What is a story? A story "is a narrative or recital of an event or series of events, whether in prose or verse, whether real or fictitious, or such narratives or recitals collectively." Where do Hebrew stories come in? We shall let Professor Moulton, the man who has done more than anyone else to reveal the literary beauty of the Bible, answer the question:

"From history," he writes, "we must, in literary analysis, distinguish story: the one is founded on the sense of record and scientific explanation of events, the other appeals to the imagination and the emotions. The story literature of most peoples is fiction, in the sense that its matter is invented solely for literary purposes. The stories of the Bible are part of the sacred history, differing only in the mode in which the matter is presented; and a long series of these stories is scattered through the historical books with nothing to distinguish them, in the ordinary versions, from the historic context."

When we come to examine the stories of the Old Testament we are amazed at their variety and extent. It is difficult to make a selection. Each one almost has some special characteristic that is worth studying. The critic finds himself in a flowery mead with roses and violets and lilies all around him each one calling to be picked and admired.

To realize the truth of what has just been said, turn to the first Book of the Bible, Genesis, and see what stories we have: The Temptation in the Garden, Cain and Abel, The Tower of

Babel, The Flood, the epic narratives which center around Abraham, Isaac and Jacob, and above and beyond all others, The Story of Joseph and his Brethren.

Read on through the Books of the Pentateuch. What entrancing stories are those which tell of Moses and the Plagues of Egypt; or that striking and fascinating tale of Balaam and how he bore witness though unwillingly to the greatness and grandeur of Israel! And then when we enter the Book of Judges we find ourselves face to face with stories which are among the most interesting in the Old Testament. To recall but a few: the Feats of Gideon against the Midianites, the pathetic incident of Jephthah's Vow, the curious little history of Micah's Images and the Danite Migration, a tale which makes us think of "Lorna Doone," or the romances of Sir Walter Scott, and last, though by no means least, the Labors of Samson, the Hebrew Hercules, a name truly to be classed among the Heroes of Israel.

Continuing our examination, we next come to the Book of Ruth, one of the most exquisite idyls in all literature, an idyl we need not be ashamed to place along side those of Theocritus. Next in all their boldness and vivid character-painting come the stories of Samuel, Saul and David. There is a noble power about some of these stories which will never let them die. Professor Moulton characterizes them as epic in their strength and beauty. Then, as we pursue our reading, we meet with those wonderful stories of Elijah and Elisha, culminating in the Ordeal on Mount Carmel in the one case, and in the Doom of Gehazi, in the other. The Babylonian Captivity next claims our attention and as a result of that dark and trying time, we have a group of the most noted stories in the Bible: the stories which have as their hero, Daniel, the brave young Jew unafraid and unabashed to stand up for his faith before Nebuchadnezzar and Balshazzar, Kings of Babylon. There is also the splendid, though so seldom understood, story of Jonah. Where in any literature could there be found a more glorious protest against sectarian narrowness and bigotry than in the tale of the Son of Amittai? Lastly there is the Book of Esther, which, analyzing it from the view-point of literature, comes nearest to a religious novel of any writing in the Old Testament. Even a cursory

reader perceives the presence of a double plot: the first series of events centering around Mordecai, the second around Esther. These two are deftly woven together with the result that we have a story of absorbing interest. Against a background of oriental despotism and magnificence the figure of the fearless young Jewess stands out clear and distinct. The Book of Esther, it is hardly necessary to add, has for centuries been most widely read and admired by the Jews themselves.

Thus we see that each period of Jewish history—as we have it in the Old Testament—can furnish its quota of famous stories. From the days of the Patriarchs down to the Return from the Babylonian Captivity we have a series of stories which go a long way towards explaining why our English Bible has had such a moulding effect upon our literature and our language.

But do people care for these stories? Are they read as they once were? Deny it as we will, men and women do not read the Bible as they used to. It has become in many quarters an obsolete book. Especially is this true of the Old Testament. This mighty collection of literary masterpieces is calmly ignored by so-called educated people. Young men and women entering our colleges or who have graduated therefrom, are often so densely ignorant of the Bible that it would be ludicrous if it were not disheartening to the cause of sound education and liberal culture. The Bible is for us a great English classic. We need not apologise for it. It can easily,—if we will let it,—plead its own cause.

Let us, however, be perfectly fair in our criticism of Hebrew stories. The language of unstinted praise is rarely satisfactory. It generally fails of its object. There are stories and stories in the Old Testament. Some are by no means interesting or instructive reading. Not a few are disfigured with coarseness and teach, at best, a very dubious morality. Some are grisly with unmentionable horrors, while others are so saturated with Jewish intolerance and bigotry that we turn from them with abhorrence and disgust.

Let us frankly concede all these objections. But here is the point ever to bear in mind: what right has the objector to pick

and choose only the inferior specimens of Hebrew genius? Occupying this absurd and hypo-sensitive position we should probably have to eliminate every ancient classic. Or to come nearer home, take Shakespeare, the mightiest poet the world has ever seen. Have we to leave his works unread because, forsooth, some of his pages are disfigured with coarseness and vulgarity? From such old-maid criticism we can only pray to be delivered. It is so precisely with the stories of the Old Testament. Leave unread the dark, coarse and gruesome tales: and fasten your attention upon those stories in which are enshrined forever, Jewish faith, Jewish hope and Jewish courage.

Take one of these old stories and study it from the view-point of literature. We have been so long accustomed to read our Bibles solely for religious purposes that it will doubtless come as a surprise that one of its stories, and that not one of its most widely known, possesses a literary merit of a rare order. It is the story of Rebekah's Wooing in the Book of Genesis.

We are back in the changeless East. We enter the tent of Abraham, who at the time is old and well-stricken in age. The Patriarch is talking to his servant Eliezer upon a matter of momentous interest:

I will make thee swear by the Lord, the God of heaven, and the God of the earth, that thou shalt not take a wife unto my son of the daughters of the Canaanites, among whom I dwell: but thou shalt go unto my country, and to my kindred, and take a wife unto my son Isaac.

Eliezer, not unnaturally, raises an objection that the maid may be unwilling to come until she sees the man she is to marry. He therefore suggests the desirability of Isaac going along in the caravan to plead his own suit. To this Abraham fiercely objects. He must go without Isaac. If he fails it will not be his fault, and so the faithful servant sets out for Nahor, a city of Mesopotamia, with ten camels laden with presents for the prospective bride and her family.

The scene changes and we see the loyal steward resting his tired camels at a well outside the city's gate. It is evening, "the time that women go out to draw water." With an odd mixture of superstition and childish faith, Eliezer offers up a prayer to Jehovah:

O Lord God of my master Abraham, I pray thee, send me good speed this day, and shew kindness unto my master Abraham. Behold, I stand here by the well of water; and the daughters of the men of the city come out to draw water: and let it come to pass, that the damsel to whom I shall say, 'Let down thy pitcher, I pray thee, that I may drink'; and she shall say 'Drink, and I will give thy camels drink also': let the same be she that thou hast appointed for thy servant Isaac; and thereby shall I know that thou hast shewed kindness unto my master!

Among the damsels who now come forward, with their pitchers upon their shoulders, is the daughter of Bethuel, Abraham's brother. The zealous servant runs forward and puts his query:

"Let me, I pray thee, drink a little water of thy pitcher."

The maiden graciously offers him her pitcher:

"Drink, my lord!"

And as though this was not enough, she adds:

"I will draw water for thy camels also, until they have done drinking."

Eliezer in the meanwhile looks on in dumb amazement. Wondering he holds his peace. Can it be that his search has already ended, that this damsel who is so fair to look upon, is to be the bride of Isaac? He must be cautious, however, and feel his way. After the camels have been attended to he takes "a golden earring of half a shekel weight" and two bracelets and proceeds to clasp them upon the white arms of Rebekah.

"Whose daughter art thou?" he asks. "Tell me, I pray thee. Is there room in thy father's house for us to lodge in?"

Rebekah answers at once:

"I am the daughter of Bethuel. We have both straw and provender enough and room to lodge in."

At this striking answer to his prayers, Eliezer can only bow his head and murmur:

Blessed be the Lord God of my master Abraham, who hath not left destitute my master of his mercy and his truth: I being in the way, the Lord led me to the house of my master's brethren.

Rebekah runs home and tells her family of the stranger at the well. She exhibits the costly presents, and Laban, her brother, shrewdly suspecting that the man must be in the pay of a rich patron hurries to Eliezer with the cry:

Come in, thou blessed of the Lord; wherefore standest thou without? for I have prepared the house, and room for the camels.

Abraham's servant accepts the invitation and enters the dwelling. His camels are looked after by attendants, and meat is placed before him. But Eliezer—a true picture of a faithful servant—remarks:

I will not eat until I have told mine errand.

Permission being granted, he rehearses all the incidents that led up to the journey and the subsequent wonderful answer to his prayer in meeting with Rebekah. Then looking Laban squarely in the face he adds:

If ye will deal kindly and truly with my master, tell me: and if not, tell me; that I may turn to the right hand or to the left.

The father and brother of Rebekah can only reply:

The thing proceedeth from the Lord: we cannot speak unto thee bad or good.

At this fruition of all his hopes Eliezer falls to the ground and worships the Lord. Then arising he takes "jewels of silver and jewels of gold" and gives them to the bride elect. Next he bestows precious gifts upon Laban and the various members of his family, for Abraham, his master, is a mighty prince and must not be thought niggardly or parsimonious. Next follows a night of rejoicing and merrymaking. But the conscientious servant is anxious to get home and so in the morning he comes to Laban with the request: "Send me away unto my master!"

The family of Rebekah, however, are loth to part with her. Naturally enough they strive to keep her for a few days; but Eliezer is importunate:

Hinder me not, seeing the Lord hath prospered my way: send me away that I may go to my master.

They call Rebekah and ask her: "Wilt thou go with this man?" "I will go," is the immediate response. Rebekah and her maidens then mount the camels and follow Eliezer.

In the meantime, Isaac, utterly unaware of the good fortune that is coming to him, like an earlier Wordsworth, goes "to

meditate in the field at the eventide ; and he lifted up his eyes, and saw and behold the camels were coming !”

But the keen-eyed bride has already seen the solitary figure.

“What man is this that walketh in the field to meet us ?” she inquires of Eliezer.

“It is my master,” comes the hurried whisper.

With a quick movement Rebekah covers her face with a veil. And so they meet !

“And Isaac brought her into his mother Sarah’s tent, and took Rebekah, and she became his wife : and he loved her : and Isaac was comforted after his mother’s death.”

The charm of this story is perennial. It will never grow old. It has upon it the hall mark of literary immortality. It will take its place alongside of the stories of Homer. It will lose its inspiration only when men and women cease to love each other and when marriage and the marriage relation, with its beauty, power and divine sanction, has lost its meaning, and the world is run according to the dictates and maxims of Vanity Fair !

There is also the story of Joseph and his Brethren, a world masterpiece. Local color, graphic character-sketching, absorbing interest, all are there. If it were not in the Bible men and women would rave over it ; but just because it is, they neglect it or completely ignore it. When you expostulate with them, they remark : “Yes, I did read it once, when I was a child ; but somehow or other I never read and re-read it as I do other favorite stories. I suppose it is so because it is in the Old Testament and we are not supposed to go to the Bible for literary charm and delight.” Is there any hope that this state of affairs will ever change ? That because a story is in the Bible, it can have no literary interest ?

A change for the better is coming, I am glad to say, despite the narrowness of those who refuse to look upon the Bible as literature, and notwithstanding the dictum of those critics whose mental horizon is limited to the books of the day and who think a petty little mannerism, a childish trick of style, is going to supersede the masterpieces of all time.

Of the critics and scholars who are trying to let the Bible tell its own story, the man above all others is Professor Moulton of

the University of Chicago, as I mentioned at the beginning of this paper. He has taken the Bible out of its archaic setting and placed it where it belongs, in the forefront of the classics of the world. The whole Bible-reading world owes him a lasting debt of gratitude for his monumental work, "The Modern Reader's Bible." In the Book of Genesis, as edited by this critic, the Story of Joseph and his Brethren stands out clear and distinct. We can read it in half an hour, and if our taste has been cultivated by feeding on the best models, we can go back to it with ever increasing delight and find in its pages new interest and charm.

Finally, we may take the Story of Balaam. How many appreciate its literary value? I am perfectly aware of the extraordinary interest the story has for a preacher of righteousness. One has but to think of the sermons of Bishop Butler, Cardinal Newman and Frederick Robertson to see this, while lesser men by the score have followed these princes of the pulpit in making it the subject of their discourses. But I am not now interested in its ethical and religious value, though frankly admitting that the lessons that can be drawn from the story are legion, but in its literary worth. Read it then from this standpoint. Take down the first volume of Stanley's "Jewish Church" and see how a master of historical criticism could treat it; or better still go to the Book of Numbers and read the three chapters which tell the story.

Of its manifold beauties I shall call attention only to the wonderful poetry contained in the story. Four times Balaam breaks into song and four times we hear poetry which, though chanted thousands of years ago, can still move and thrill us:

How goodly are thy tents, O Jacob! and thy tabernacles, O Israel!

As the valleys are they spread forth, as gardens by the river's side, as the trees of lign aloes which the Lord hath planted, and as cedar trees beside the waters.

God brought him forth out of Egypt; he hath . . . the strength of an unicorn: he shall eat up the nations his enemies, and shall break their bones, and pierce them through with his arrows.

He couched, he lay down as a lion, and as a great lion: who shall stir him up? Blessed is he that blesseth thee, and cursed is he that curseth thee!

And then, turning to the enraged King of Moab, Balaam, in language that must have thrilled his hearer through and through, utters this prophecy of the Jewish People :

I shall see him, but not now : I shall behold him, but not nigh : there shall come a Star out of Jacob, and a Sceptre shall rise out of Israel, and shall smite the corners of Moab, and destroy all the children of Sheth !

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LONGFELLOW TWENTY YEARS AFTER

It has been now somewhat more than a score of years since the death of Longfellow, the famous American poet. Perhaps we are not yet far enough removed from his day to form an impartial estimate of the rank and place in our literature which this deservedly popular poet is destined to occupy. It requires a considerable lapse of time to dispel the illusion and glamour which his charming poetry cast over the minds of his readers; and it may be that we are not yet prepared to examine his verse in the cold and dispassionate light of criticism.

The recent appearance of Longfellow's life in the "American Men of Letters" series has served to draw attention anew to his work. It seems therefore fitting to review his poetic achievement and inquire whether the foremost American poet of a generation ago is still holding his own. It is possible that his popularity has been eclipsed by the fame of some bard whose star had not risen two decades ago.

In his own time Longfellow enjoyed a wider fame than any other poet, alive or dead, on this side of the Atlantic. Emerson was doubtless a profounder thinker and more philosophical, and appealed more powerfully to a select circle of readers. But he was the recognized exponent of a certain school, and his audience was therefore limited. Whittier's verse smacked too much of a party, or of a section, to be universally admired. Profoundly stirred by the evils of slavery, he came to regard himself, for the nonce, as the poetic mouthpiece of the Abolition party, and when his party passed away together with the cause which called it into being, Whittier's poetry lost its power and charm, even for his most zealous co-partizans. Lowell was perhaps more brilliant and versatile than Longfellow; but he was rather bookish, and his poetry is not infrequently open to the charge of pedantry. Bryant was chaste and finished and grand withal; but his poetry was as lifeless and as cold as marble. There was no fire or passion in it: it came from the head, not from the heart. Longfellow, however, "looked into his own heart and wrote"; and he touched in his song those chords which awaken an echo in every

heart. For this reason his poetry approximates that class of literature which critics sometimes denominate "universal." Not that Longfellow deserves to rank with the world's great poets, for he does not: nor would the most ardent admirers of his genius make any such claim for him. But his poetry has more in it that appeals to the human heart than does the poetry of any of his American contemporaries.

Longfellow's fame is not confined to America. He is favorably known in Europe. No other American poet, with the possible exception of Poe, is so widely known on the other side of the Atlantic. Indeed, I am not sure that Poe forms an exception, for while Poe is much read on the Continent, especially in France, still it is his tales rather than his poetry that foreigners read. Longfellow's poetry has been far more extensively translated. His recent biographer is authority for the statement that there have been one hundred versions, in whole or in part, of Longfellow's work, extending into eighteen foreign languages. What other American author can equal, much less surpass, this flattering record of appreciation?

Longfellow has been aptly called the people's poet; and, in my judgment, the title is well founded in fact. For his sympathies and affections were ever with the people; for them he wrought, for them he sang. By education and culture, by his happy faculty of literary expression and by his unfailing good taste he was peculiarly qualified and equipped for this office; and herein lies the secret of his unbounded popularity and success. His message was not erudite or esoteric; nor did it presuppose any extraordinary degree of mental acumen in those to whom it was addressed, to appreciate it. But it was such as a man of average intellectual endowment could comprehend and appreciate. In this respect our poet was poles removed from Browning, whose poetry fully yields its hidden meaning only to the most acute and best trained intellects. But Longfellow's simplicity of utterance makes his poetry readily "understood of the people" and renders a commentary unnecessary. His verse is at once lucid and clear and melodious and beautiful. Indeed, his distinguishing virtue consists in his power of expressing in chaste, lucid and musical verse what everybody has felt,

but few can say with such felicity of phrase. He possessed the rare faculty of re-clothing old, familiar truths in a poetic dress in such a manner as to give them the appearance of entirely new and original creations. *Difficile est proprie communia dicere*, says Horace, himself a master in the art of literary expression; but, somehow, Longfellow seems to have acquired the secret of this difficult art of putting commonplace things happily.

Longfellow was of a poetic temperament. His taste and feelings were essentially those of a poet. This is evident from the glamour and witchery of phrase, which I have just observed as characteristic of his style. He first felt the poem in his own soul, and then he translated it into terms of surpassing grace, beauty and music. Herein lies the secret of his genius.

Some critics are willing to concede Longfellow's facility, beauty and charm; but they deny him originality. There is a sense in which this criticism is true; but, like all half truths, the dictum is misleading and does the poet an injustice. Longfellow, it is true, was not original in the sense in which Poe was original; nor was he original in the sense in which Browning was original. I do not think that Longfellow possessed as high a degree of originality perhaps as either of these poets. Yet, if by originality is meant creative genius, then Longfellow was unquestionably original. For does it not require a high order of creative genius to give to the prosy, commonplace sentiments and experiences of everyday life poetic form and beauty and spontaneity withal? Now, this, as has been observed, is just what Longfellow has done. Let us have done therefore with the cant that he was not an original poet.

Longfellow achieved his greatest triumphs in lyrical poetry. As a dramatic poet he was not a success. But this is no great disparagement. It only proves that, like most authors, our poet had his limitations. For few indeed are the poets of the last century who have won laurels in the province of the drama. Not even Tennyson with all the glamour of his name could make one of his dramas hold the stage. Longfellow produced two successful narrative poems. But it is not chiefly these that have won him his enviable reputation as the poet of the people. It is rather his sonnets, his shorter poems, in which he excelled.

Of these perhaps the best known is his "Psalm of Life," now as familiar as a household word. This contains a larger number of lines, long since become familiar quotations, than any other of our poet's lyrics. In point of furnishing quotable lines, as well as in point of spontaneity and general excellence, it challenges comparison with Gray's beautiful Elegy. Longfellow gave conclusive proof of his good taste and sound literary judgment in resisting the temptation to make of his theme a mere didactic poem. He speaks to us through the lines of this psalm as standing, not on a plane above and beyond us, but on the same level with us and as being himself one of our own number. The poem is a stirring and inspiring appeal for sympathy, of a man who aspires, with us, to a higher and nobler life. There is nothing of didacticism about it. On the contrary, it is imaginative and spontaneous and pulsates with emotion and sympathy.

Worthy of special mention among our poet's lyrics are "Excelsior," "The Reaper and the Flowers," "Footsteps of Angels," "Maidenhood" and "Resignation." These are all excellent and have attained a wide currency. They are poems instinct with tender sentiment and make a strong, albeit mute, appeal to gentle and pensive natures. Equally beautiful in technical execution, though not so pathetic perhaps, are such snatches of song as "Land of the Desert," "The Light-house," "The Jewish Cemetery," and "The Arsenal." In the production of such sonorous trifles (if that is not too frivolous a word to apply to these songs), Longfellow stands unexcelled in American literature. Indeed, few English singers have surpassed him in this kind of verse.

In his ballads, such as "The Skeleton in Armor" and kindred lyrics, Longfellow made a new departure and entered the domain of romance. This and the sad sea ballad, "The Wreck of the Hesperus," are perhaps his finest. But however much critics may praise these ballads, we feel nevertheless that the romantic vein was not their author's forte. Probably the most felicitous sea poem that Longfellow wrote was "The Building of the Ship." This furnishes a note worthy example of his metrical skill. Moreover it is full of energy and patriotic fervor and challenges comparison with Horace's graceful, patriotic ode,

which was its prototype. The glowing apostrophe to the Union, at the close, is, in my judgment, a far more impassioned appeal to patriotism than Horace's pæan of victory over the defeated Cleopatra.

In his narrative poems Longfellow blazed out an entirely new path in our literature. Accordingly he deserves the distinction of being the first American poet to compose a long narrative poem the interest of which is sustained throughout. In this respect Longfellow essayed a bold undertaking, but the generous and cordial welcome which "*Evangeline*" received fully justified the author's daring attempt. The pathetic story of "*Evangeline*" is well told, and the delicate descriptive passages here and there throughout the poem indicate the presence of the hand of a master artist. The conception, too, of the heroine, in her noble and inspiring example of sacrifice for the sake of her lost lover, is as beautiful as it is tender and pathetic. The author was happy both in conception and execution, and the result is that "*Evangeline*" is an exquisite idyl which deserves to take rank as a classic by the side of Goldsmith's "*Deserted Village*." Still, notwithstanding its beauty and pathos, "*Evangeline*" is not a poem which rivets our attention and compels our unqualified admiration. Considered from the point of view of art, the poem has blemishes and imperfections that impair its charm and beauty not a little. The characters are not portrayed with that skill and power which one could desire. They do not stand out upon the page with distinctness and with clearness of outline. Moreover, there are long stretches of narrative which do not contribute materially to the development and interest of the story. There are few dramatic episodes, though the poem affords numerous glimpses of interesting and picturesque characters.

Perhaps we ought to take "*Evangeline*," however, as the author probably intended it, viz., as a tender and graceful idyl fashioned out of a beautiful and pathetic legend of early American history. Viewed in that light it cannot fail to charm and entertain the reader. But if we attempt to apply to it the canons of the drama, or of the novel, it is immediately open to serious criticism.

Longfellow culled the pathetic legend of "Evangeline" from the gray dawn of our country's history and suffused it with a soft glow of his poetic imagination, thus imparting to it its charm and romantic interest, and made of it "the flower of American idyls." But the poem is much indebted to the classic measure the author chose, for its beauty and for the delightful spell it casts over the reader. The selection of the hexameter for the meter of "Evangeline" seems a stroke of genius, because this meter, somehow, is specially well adapted to the bucolic love story. And the author handled this difficult measure with rare skill and deftness—so much so, indeed, that his hexameters challenge comparison with the most graceful in our language. Longfellow has hardly yet received his due meed of praise for his service in helping to domicile a form of verse which is almost universally condemned by the critics as an exotic and as unadapted to the exigences of English poetry. The critics poured out the vials of their wrath upon his head for such a bold attempt, and almost exhausted their vocabulary of censure. All this Longfellow anticipated, but he felt that the hexameter was the measure for his idyl, and so he adopted it despite the storm of criticism it was destined to call forth. In no point of literary art did our bard show more conclusive evidence of the courage of his convictions than in his deliberate choice of the meter for his "Evangeline." The popularity of this delightful bucolic love story has justified his choice and fully vindicated the soundness of his judgment. For many of the familiar lines of the "Evangeline" have won their currency chiefly through the sonorous cadence and roll of the hexameter.

The "Courtship of Miles Standish" formed a companion piece to our author's favorite idyl, "Evangeline." The former is a Pilgrim idyl in which Priscilla, John Alden and the bluff old captain form the principal figures. It is so familiar as to render an analysis of it superfluous. Though not so popular as "Evangeline," the "Courtship of Miles Standish" marks a distinct advance upon its predecessor in constructive skill and in the delineation of the characters. The figures stand out with greater definiteness and distinctness of outline. Not the least noteworthy feature of this entertaining idyl is the broad humour that

lights up the conventional conception of the Pilgrim character in those far-off times in our history. We do not usually invest that character with much charm or romance. But Longfellow's conception glows with a warm imagination and a romantic interest more in keeping with the impulsive character of the Virginia cavalier than with the cold, impassive character of the Pilgrim.

In his narrative poem of "*Hiawatha*" Longfellow achieved a notable success. This poem, as is well known, deals with the manners, customs and legends of the various tribes of our North American Indians. The one idea which, like a golden cord, runs through the twenty-two different legends and binds them all together, giving them unity and harmony, is the life of *Hiawatha*. The "*Song of Hiawatha*" is a distinctive American product and smacks of the soil whence it sprang. It breathes the wild outdoor odor of forest and stream in every line. Its strange wildness and grim weirdness, as reflected in the interplay of the savage aborigines upon the rugged background of nature, combine to impart to the poem the beauty and fascination of a fairy tale. The characters of *Hiawatha* and of his Indian wife, the laughing *Minnehaha*, are both masterful poetic conceptions, such as only a true poet would or could conceive. In the creation of these characters Longfellow gave indisputable proof of his inventive genius and originality, for nothing approaching "*Hiawatha*" even remotely had been attempted before in our literature, and nothing has been done since that equals it. "*Hiawatha*," therefore, stands alone in American literature; and English literature offers no parallel to it.

The meter conspired with the subject matter of "*Hiawatha*" to make the poem unique and original. For the characteristic verse—rhymeless trochaic dimeter—had never before been employed in a long poem, and was, in fact, almost unknown in English literature. It is a difficult meter to handle; and for this reason it required consummate skill on the part of the poet to prevent the verse from degenerating into commonplace chant, or mere singsong. The grotesque Indian names are woven into the poem with a musical effect little short of marvelous, and impart to the story a decided epic quality. Had the meter been other than it is, it were impossible to say what the result would

have been. Longfellow so blended the meter and the substance into a poem, at once beautiful and melodious, as to make it impossible to divorce them without marring the artistic effect. "Hiawatha," therefore, is the form the Indian legends assumed as the poem was chrystallized in the poet's imagination.

Not the least important service which Longfellow rendered American letters was his excellent and scholarly interpretation of the great Italian poet of the Middle Ages. His translation of Dante proved a touchstone of his own invention and art; and the result is a metrical version both musical and accurate. To be sure, the translation is not absolutely impeccable, or faultily faultless. (Nor would I venture to say, as an enthusiastic German critic said of Tieck and Schlegel's version of Shakespeare, that the translation is better than the original.) But the faults are such as almost necessarily follow from a scrupulous effort to give a faithful and literal rendering. No American man of letters was probably better fitted by taste, natural endowment and training for the difficult and delicate work. Longfellow, moreover, addressed himself to his arduous task with the proper conception of a translation, viz., to produce a "literal and lineal rendering." As might have been expected, therefore, he caught the spirit and thought of the great Florentine and reproduced them with remarkable grace, smoothness and accuracy. The translation immediately took rank with the best in our tongue.

Like Tennyson and many other poets who have achieved distinction in the field of lyric verse, Longfellow was ambitious to win laurels in the province of the drama. But it does not follow that because a poet is successful as a lyricist that he is also a dramatist. This fact Longfellow of course knew at first theoretically, and he subsequently had it verified in experience. Emboldened by the partial success of his romance "Hyperion" and by that of his first dramatic effort "The Spanish Student," he set out resolutely to score an unqualified and complete success in a new and original drama. Accordingly, he at length gave to the world his Trilogy of "Christus," which he regarded as the high-water mark of his dramatic genius and art. But his hopes were doomed to disappointment, for the Trilogy fell flat and proved a signal failure. Justice to the poet, however, re-

quires me to modify this remark and add that a part of the Trilogy did possess merit. Of this more anon.

The "Christus" was a very unequal production. The first part, "The Divine Tragedy," and the third part, "The New England Tragedies," are decidedly tame and weak and little short of inane. The subjects selected may be such as to offer great possibilities to a dramatist of real genius, but in the hands of Longfellow the treatment is feeble and altogether inadequate. The work may have the proper personages and situations and the form of a play, but it lacks the action, fire and passion. The author had evidently over-estimated his power and chosen a theme beyond his capacity and range.

Of the second part of the Trilogy, however, a favorable word may be spoken. This part, which, by the way, was published a score of years before the "Divine Tragedy," was entitled the "Golden Legend" and is the oasis in the desert. It is the sole redeeming part of the Trilogy. The "Golden Legend" is a fascinating romance cast in dramatic form, and, according to some critics, it reflects the author's versatile genius at its best. John Ruskin wrote of it at the time of its production: "Longfellow, in his 'Golden Legend' has entered more closely into the temper of the monk, for good or for evil, than ever yet theological writer or historian, though they may have given their life's labor to the analysis." But even the "Golden Legend," brilliant as it is in parts, was not sufficient to redeem from a speedy oblivion the first and third parts of "Christus," and so the Trilogy remains today unread — a striking monument of our poet's misdirected ambition.

The fact is, Longfellow lacked dramatic skill; he was not and never could become a playwright. This was one of his limitations, and a limitation which he was very slow to recognize. Indeed, he never fully realized it, as his posthumous drama "Michael Angelo" attests. If the energy and effort which he expended upon the drama had been given to lyric poetry, Longfellow would have won even greater triumphs than those he did achieve and would have left behind him a more enduring name.

If Longfellow had consulted his reputation as a poet, he would probably have withheld from publication his "Tales of a Way-

side Inn." These he published in instalments extending through a decade, but they did not enhance his fame. Thye possess rather meagre literary merit. The poems which compose the collection are too diffuse and rambling, and the work lacks unity. They are a series of short stories gleaned from various foreign literatures and are strung together somewhat after the manner of Ovid's *Metamorphoses*. There seems, too, to be no obvious principle of classification. To be sure, there are some fine passages here and there, but the tales, as a whole, make upon the reader the wearisome impression of being long-drawn out and prolix. The author was presumably led into this error by his extraordinary lyrical facility and by his superior qualities as a *raconteur*. He was therefore handicapped by the defects of his qualities.

I have said that Longfellow was the poet of the people, and the remark is true. In England he is regarded as the poet of the middle classes. Now, this was also the class for whom Tennyson wrote. It is a noteworthy fact that these two poets possessed much in common. But I need not dwell upon this point. Neither Longfellow nor Tennyson was a "poet of passion or pain." This phrase, however, is a more apt characterization of the great English poet than of the gifted American singer. Longfellow never touched any very deep chord either of joy or of sorrow. His register did not include either of these extremes. He pursued the even tenor of his song, never rising to the height of ineffable joy, on the one hand, nor descending to the depth of unutterable anguish, on the other. Still, he was not "an idle singer of an empty day." Being neither rich nor poor, he occupied a fortunate intermediate station in life; and following his own exhortation, he wrote out of his own heart and experience.

Longfellow had a keen appreciation of nature. Probably nature would have appealed to him with something of the power and force with which she appealed to Wordsworth, if his lot had been cast among other surroundings. A college professor has a great deal of drudgery connected with his arduous duties, and the class-room does not afford the most glorious aspects of

nature. But Longfellow's love of nature was by no means an absorbing, passionate love. It has not that May-morning freshness about it, such as we find in the father of English poesy and in those who have drawn their inspiration from the same source as he. Like his contemporary Lowell, Longfellow could never quite forget his books; but unlike Lowell, Longfellow did not allow his learning to obtrude itself unduly, and thus render his art over-literary. A good illustration of what I mean is found in our poet's commemoration ode, "*Morituri Salutamus*," written for the fiftieth anniversary of his graduating class. As Mr. Stedman has pointed out in his appreciative sketch of Longfellow in his "*Poets of America*," this ode contains more than twenty learned references within the brief compass of three hundred lines, and yet the allusions are so deftly wrought into the poem that the effect is simple, natural and artless. Had Lowell essayed to do the same thing, he would almost inevitably have produced the impression of airing his erudition and parading his art.

Longfellow learned the art, as happy as it is rare, of veiling his learning, and he knew the value of simplicity and artlessness. Above all things he strove to be natural. Affectation and display were foreign to his nature. He never posed for effect. His motto in art as in life was, *Esse quam videri malim*. His poetry was but the natural expression of his sterling character, which despised sham and pretense in whatever form masquerading, and was as sincere and chaste as his own pure soul.

Longfellow's genius was lyrical. His inspiration he sought more often in the heart than in the head. Tenderness, sympathy and love, combined with melody and charm, are the distinctive qualities of his verse. He aimed to look, not upon the dark, threatening exterior of the cloud, but upon its bright silver lining. In a word, he was an optimist, and looked out upon life through roseate glasses. There was nothing morbid about him, as there was, for instance, about Poe. He is thoroughly sane and wholesome as well as chaste and pure. He put himself into his work and through his verse gave himself to the world. Guileless, pure and true, he would no sooner have written a line which he felt to be untrue than he would have told a glaring

falsehood. Of the sacredness and importance of the office of the poet no man ever entertained a more exalted opinion. His poetry is the flower and fruit of his noble life.

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THE POETRY OF LONGFELLOW

I

"Beneath every literature there is a philosophy. Beneath every work of art there is an idea of nature and of life; this idea leads the poet. Whether the author knows it or not, he writes in order to exhibit it. And the characters which he fashions, like the events he arranges, only serve to bring forth the dim creative conception which raises and combines them." These are the views of Taine who wrote a History of English Literature to show how, under varied forms, the writers of England have given expression to certain simple spiritual tendencies. In this study we shall attempt to indicate the leading lines of thought in Longfellow—the ideas of nature and of art by which he was governed. He possessed in full measure that moral earnestness which critics regard as the great characteristic of the Anglo-Saxons. As was said of Schiller, so might it also be said of him: "There was in him a singular ardor for truth, a solemn conception of the duties of a poet, a deep-rooted idea on which we have been more than once called to insist, that the minstrel should be a preacher; that song is the sister of religion in its largest sense; that the stage is the pulpit of all sects, all nations, all time."

This is the ideal which Longfellow keeps ever before him. Its influence permeates all his writings. In them there is but little regard for nature, such as we find in the writings of Wordsworth. He sees nature only as it is tinged by his own moral reflections. When he writes of it, he does so chiefly that he may draw from it some lesson which will be helpful to men. In his early years, in the "Psalm of Life," he indicated the line of thought which he was ever afterwards developing:

Life is real! Life is earnest!

It was the same, when, in his old age, he declared in "Morituri Salutamus:"

For age is opportunity no less
Than youth itself, though in another dress.

This is the theme with which he is constantly dealing. In its development he writes of the individual, and not of society. From his poetry cannot be gained any complete view of the society of his day. He neither approves nor condemns it. There is no trace of the existence of those questions now so common in reference to the tendencies of society and the probable outcome of present social movements. The reformer, wishing to change old institutions in order to build a new social structure, will receive little aid from him. He will never become the ideal poet of a new social organization. Keeping his eyes steadily fixed on the individual, he writes, again and again, of his moral betterment. Of this a few lines from the "Ladder of St. Augustine" may be taken as a type:

Saint Augustine! well hast thou said,
That of our vices we can frame
A ladder, if we will but tread
Beneath our feet each deed of shame!

We have not wings, we cannot soar;
But we have feet to scale and climb
By slow degrees, by more and more,
The cloudy summits of our time.

The heights by great men reached and kept
Were not attained by sudden flight,
But they, while their companions slept,
Were toiling upward in the night.

While Longfellow is continually writing about man, he is silent in reference to the political forces which were at work around him. The final settlement of the contest between England and the United States; the long series of movements connected with the question of slavery; the struggle which settled the relations of the States and the Nation, all fell within the limits of his life-time; but his poetry was scarcely affected by any of them. He does indeed write of slavery, yet of it he does not say more than might be found in any poet living in an age in which slavery did not exist. In his poetry, slavery is treated, not in its relation to the whole social and political organism, but rather as an individualistic institution; for he saw it in its re-

lation to individual life, not in its relation to national life. His poetry cannot be explained by the political life of his times, nor does this throw any light on his poetry, whose spirit is the spirit of political quietism rather than of active democracy. His ideal is a man of thought rather than a man of action. If he does write of a man of action he sees him in the past and not in the living present, "The light of the life of him is on all past things;" for he felt the quiet of the religious life of the past rather than the eager rush of modern times.

In the artistic development of Longfellow's poetry he is not surpassed by any of the poets of modern times. His intellectual life had been quickened by sympathetic contact with the poetical expression of the past as well as of the present. He had studied and appreciated all forms of expression in words and in stone. He was guided in his word-building by a keen artistic sense, working under the rules of the masters in the art of expression. It was owing to him that the dactylic hexameter found a recognized place among English meters. A casual glance will show the wide range of the metrical forms he has used, and a careful reading of the poems will reveal how skillfully he suited the form to the idea which he expresses. The meter of "*Hiawatha*" may be cited as an exception, though in this the subject may have influenced the form of expression.

Like other poets of this century Longfellow has written dramas, and, like theirs, his are not among the best. In them there are good thoughts, but they are lacking in dramatic intensity. In them, as well as in the rest of his poetry, there is not a trace of the humorous element. "*The Spanish Student*" is upheld by his name, and adds nothing to his fame. But "*Michael Angelo*" is different. Its principal characters are noble and sad, in whose lives are felt "the passion and the pain of hearts, that long have ceased to beat." It is the story of the greatest genius of the Middle Ages, a man who held such a place in all men's thoughts, that when they spoke of great things done or to be done, his name was ever on their lips; a man who said of himself after all his great works: "Alas! how little of all I dreamed of has my hand achieved!" It expresses the ideal of a great life, and through it all there breathes the earnest sadness of the

mighty worker and the nobleness of his moral aspirations. In the "Masque of Pandora" the poet turns to the old Grecian myth of the coming of evil and the still unsolved riddle of the life of man. It is written in the spirit of Grecian naturalness and has many beautiful thoughts. There is Pandora, the passive instrument in the hands of the gods; Epimetheus led as a child, and Prometheus, proud, self-poised, self-reliant,—

My own thoughts
Are my companions; my designs and labors
And aspirations are my only friends.

The chorus has a part, and after the evil has fallen on man, with words not unlike those in "St. Augustine" it sings of a better future:

Then what was lost is won,
And the new life begun,
Kindled with nobler passions and desires.

His best known poems are some of the shorter ones: "The Rainy Day," "Excelsior," "The Psalm of Life," "The Ladder of St. Augustine," and others. They all display within a narrow compass the leading characteristic of his thought. They are the ones which deal with subjects that are of deepest interest to man, and appeal most to the individual. They appeal largely to thought and it may be predicted of them that they will the longest "appear in the world's literature, as working for themselves an abiding place in the educational thought of different nations." The pictures in them incline to be somber, and there seems to be more than one indication that he felt the truth of the lines:

Ships that pass in the night, and speak each other in passing,
Only a signal shown and a distant voice in the darkness;
So on the ocean of life we pass and speak one another,
Only a look and a voice, then darkness again and a silence.

These poems are the little portions of his system, and whatever may be the final decision as to their worth, it must be admitted that they can never be condemned because they do not clearly set forth the moral good of man. In support of this judgment we may cite the testimony of Tennyson who begins his "In Memoriam" with the words:

I held it truth, with him who sings
To one clear harp in divers tones,
That men may rise on stepping stones
Of their dead selves to higher things.

Lowell, in his essay on Wordsworth, tells us that he knows of but one long poem—the *Odyssey*—which will bear consecutive reading. If, then, interest does not attach to all the parts of a long poem, we should be thankful to a poet who can and does write interesting short ones. The author, seeing the beginning, middle and end of the poem, will be more apt, if he can, to make them interestingly symmetrical. It is partly on account of the shortness of the individual poems that we have selected in this section the “*Birds of Passage*” and the “*Tales of a Wayside Inn*” to study as representatives of Longfellow’s poetical power.

The different parts of the poems in each collection are of nearly uniform merit, and all of them must stand or fall because of their merit as a whole, for they will not endure because of the brilliancy of single disconnected passages. The lines of thought in them do not differ from the lines of thought in the other poems of Longfellow. They were written at a time when the nation was passing through a critical period in its history, yet one would search the poems in vain for any extended allusion to it. In this respect he differs widely from Lowell, many of whose poems were written with the express intention of arousing men to political action permeated with deep moral purpose. Many of the events connected with the development of the nation are susceptible of poetic treatment, but Longfellow made little use of them, although they might well have been adapted for subjects in the “*Tales of a Wayside Inn*.” On the other hand, Lowell was a political poet, and with the spirit of a Puritan proclaimed the need of the highest morality in the political actions of man. It is one of the limitations of Longfellow that he does not seek to arouse men so that they will render to Cæsar the things that be Cæsar’s. In his poetry we do not find lines similar in tone to those in Lowell’s “*Crisis* :—”

Once to every man and nation comes the moment to decide,
In the strife of Truth with Falsehood, for the good or evil side
Some great cause God’s new Messiah, offering each the bloom or blight,

Parts the goats upon the left hand, and the sheep upon the right
And the choice goes by forever 'twixt that darkness and that light.

Careless seems the great Avenger; history's pages but record
One death-grapple in the darkness 'twixt old systems and the Word;
Truth forever on the scaffold, Wrong forever on the throne,—
Yet that scaffold sways the future, and behind the dim unknown,
Standeth God within the shadow, keeping watch above his own.

While Longfellow does not seek to influence the political actions of men, there is no uncertainty about his words concerning the individual. Had he written of political life he would have been more in harmony with the swing of American life, but the traits of individualism which he presents are deep and abiding. Though limited in the application of his thought, he asserts for the individual the need of truth, purity and righteousness. In doing this he deals with fundamental principles, for moral wholeness in man is the source from which pass outwards the impulses to the varied lines of moral action. The entire poem, "The Ladder of St. Augustine," is expressive of the need of individual purification.

All thoughts of ill; all evil deeds
That have their roots in thoughts of ill;
Whatever hinders or impedes
The action of the noble will;—
All these must first be trampled down
Beneath our feet, if we would gain
In the bright fields of fair renown
The right of eminent domain.

But it is not a self-centered world of selfishness of which he sings. All are parts of one moral universe, and the heightened moral tone has its influence on all others. In "Santa Filomena" he tells us:

Whene'er a noble deed is wrought
Whene'er is spoken a noble thought
Our hearts in glad surprise,
To higher levels rise.
The tidal wave of deeper souls
Into our inmost being rolls
And lifts us unawares
Out of all meaner cares.

This influence is not transitory. In the "Psalm of Life" he exhorts to action that our lives may be a guide and inspiration

to men, while in "Charles Sumner" he returns to the theme and sums up the enduring results of human nobleness.

In the "Birds of Passage" there is a succession of poems which reveal personal feelings, and of descriptive poems which largely predominate in the last two "Flights." It does not take long to decide which of the two classes contains the best poems. With but few exceptions the descriptive poems are not especially interesting.

True, his songs were not divine;
Were not songs of that high art,
Which, as winds do in the pine,
Find an echo in each heart;
But the mirth
Of this green earth
Laughed and revelled in his line.

Thus Longfellow sings of Oliver Basselin, but his own lines do not laugh and revel. They are too literal and do not show us ideal possibilities. The reader sees as much as the poet, who does not suggest anything beyond the facts which he states. Longfellow did not possess in high degree that which Lowell has called "the shaping imagination, which is the criterion of a poet." A bird's nest on an Emperor's tent, the execution of a common soldier, the sinking of a ship, a city of Italy, a Dutch scene, or a castle in Spain, are not especially interesting when we see nothing more than the scenes themselves. We turn from these poems to those of the other class which seem ever to be telling us that

The spirit world around this world of sense
Floats like an atmosphere, and everywhere
Wafts through these earthly mists and vapors dense
A breath of more ethereal air.

It is when dealing with the relation of man to this world that Longfellow writes his strongest and most suggestive poems. Yet he suggests the real rather than the ideal. He attempts to reproduce strongly what has actually taken place. His is the steady glow of the past, rather than the more brilliant but less certain light of the future. This is especially true of the "Tales of a Wayside Inn" which are quiet fireside poems about the actions of men. The ones who tell them are men of reverent mood. The Sicilian is the least somber of them all:

Much too of music was his thought;
 The melodies and measures fraught
 With sunshine and the open air,
 Of vineyards and the singing sea
 Of his beloved Sicily.

His story of the transformation of a monk into an ass is somewhat droll. Even the landlord whom we might expect to be jovial, was

Grave in his aspect and attire,

and strove to uphold the dignity of his ancestors. With such a somber, stately landlord we need not expect that the stories told will all be mirthful.

The "Tales" would be interesting even if they were in prose and of the same length as now. The subjects are varied though none concern the present. Old history, old traditions, old religious life, old customs are pleasantly portrayed and we give ourselves up to enjoy the stories, for they are not made a vehicle in which to carry on the discussions of a theory. They are not argumentative, but simply tell of what has been, and though entertaining are neither amusing nor witty. They appeal to quiet thought and feeling, and were not meant to be entertainment for idle hours. In some respects "Paul Revere's Ride" is the most interesting because it touches the spirit of nationalism, and recalls the struggles by which the Colonies became free. The "Legend Beautiful" portrays one phase of the deep desires and aspirations of the pious minds of the Middle Ages. The remainder develop personal themes and are cast in an antique mold. Though they are about men, here and there are lines which show that Longfellow was a close observer of nature. The description of a falcon, with

The sudden scythe-like sweep of wings that dare
 The headlong plunge through eddying gulfs of air,

is a touch, graphic and exact enough to find place in a scientific book.

Lewes justly says: "The effect of poetry is a compound of music and suggestion; this music and this suggestion are intermingled in words, which to alter is to alter the effect. For words in poetry are not, as in prose, simple representatives of

objects and ideas; they are parts of an organic whole—they are tones in the harmony." Of Longfellow's artistic skill there can be no doubt. Tennyson's praise of him as one

Who sings

To one clear harp in divers tones,

is not at all misapplied. It is the recognition of one poet's merits by another poet, and is the more worthy of notice as it came from one who was himself a master of metrical harmony. A part of the pleasure in Longfellow arises from the variety and propriety of the meter, but a few specimens could not convey an adequate idea of the rhythmical movement of the mass of the poems; for they would give but few tones in the harmony which is complete only when we have combined the many tones. The "Birds of Passage" are many-winged, and will well repay a careful study of the subtle adaptation of sound to sense. While this power of skillfully handling the meter does not prove the greatest poet, still it must be present, and those who may perchance grow weary of the prevailing somberness of these poems can find at least some rest in the harmony of the meter in which there is no discord to mark its even flow.

These two collections do not pretend to develop a theory of poetry or a philosophy of art or of life. Not brilliant, not exciting, not dealing with the present, they have certain evident characteristics. Without being philosophical, they deal largely with practical action, they are without flaw in their moral tone, they are clear if not brilliant, and what they lack in picturesqueness they make up in faithful presentation; and last of all they are harmonious in their metrical composition.

Longfellow's other long poems are worthy of study and analysis. Of these the "Hiawatha" is an ideal picture. Critics condemn its form and pronounce its meter monotonous. The poem shows the fables, the dreams and the visions of a people who look at nature with the eyes of children. For us it is their interpretation of the forces of nature, whose poetical interpretation is the work of the childhood of every people, and to Longfellow is due the credit of speaking for a people which has no written record of itself. From this and other poems may be gleaned material to support the judgment in regard to the

general character of Longfellow's thought, but they furnish merely new points of application and not indications of new lines; though we believe that, all things considered, he is seen at his best in one of the long poems—"Evangeline."

II

EVANGELINE

Ye who believe in affection that hopes, and endures, and is patient,
Ye who believe in the beauty and strength of woman's devotion,
List to the mournful tradition, still sung by the pines of the forest;
List to a Tale of Love in Acadie, home of the happy.

The first two lines give us the keynote to "Evangeline." It was to represent these traits of character that the poem was written. Though there are other features of great beauty and power, still it must be judged by the manner in which it has developed its fundamental thought. With this the expulsion of the Acadians has little to do. This does, indeed, give the point of application, and, to some extent, the external conditions of the story, yet we are concerned only with actions under these conditions. Had Evangeline and Gabriel been natives of any European country; had Gabriel come to the New World; had Evangeline followed and spent her life in looking for him, the poem still might have been written. It would still have been a story of

—affection that hopes, and endures, and is patient,

As the history of the Acadians is only incidental to the central theme of the poem, it needs no searching of musty records to decide whether they suffered justly or unjustly. They are merely the source from which came the actors in the poem, and need attract our attention only when we consider, if, from them, an Evangeline might be reasonably expected to come.

History tells us that in 1755, the British removed from their homes the Acadians who became scattered

From the cold lakes of the North to sultry Southern savannas.

In some instances members of the same family were widely separated, and it was this wide separation which enabled the poet, in the latter part of the poem, to locate much of the ac-

tion in the West—a West as vague and as dimly seen as the West into which Ulysses once wandered. From Longfellow's description we do not get a clear idea of the places which Evangeline visited—of the regions where reigns perpetual summer, of the desert land, of the pathless woods. If they are not vague in themselves, there is a shadow thrown over them by the poet, whose object it was to make the geographical conditions such that the principal characters might pass and repass each other, and the reader still might think that all is fitly done, because he does not expect that reality will develop in the midst of that which seems so unreal.

Before her extended
Dreary and vast and silent, the desert of life.

As dreary, as vast, and as silent were the scenes through which she wandered, and among them we are not surprised that Evangeline and Gabriel did not meet.

While the external details are such that the story may seem probable, the details have not been so worked out that probability attaches to all of them. We cannot always say, "This is the result of the best planning, and any other course of action would seem strange." Has the poet represented Evangeline as doing improbable things that he may bring about a certain result? Why did not Basil, when Evangeline found him in Louisiana, at once dispatch a swift messenger in pursuit of Gabriel, and await his return instead of taking Evangeline with him on the long and wearisome search? Why did not Evangeline return with Basil, directing the priest to tell Gabriel on his return, whither she had gone? In this part her plans do not seem the most reasonably probable, and far less so are her movements from place to place. She seems to move as easily as the gods in ancient mythology. She, perhaps, can do this because the poet has carefully concealed what would hinder the most, and only incidentally refers to it in the one line,

From the far-off hunting-grounds of the cruel Camanches.

We admit that some allowances must be made for minor defects in the details of the story. The poem was written to trace the development of Evangeline, and it was not a part of the

plan that Evangeline and Gabriel should meet before the final scene. The best laid plans must fail, and that which might seem about to bring them together, must still fail to bring this to pass. If Evangeline had staid with Basil there would have been taken from the poem nearly two hundred lines containing some of the finest imagery in the poem. But we are not specially concerned with imagery, but simply with the labors which taught Evangeline

Patience and abnegation of self and devotion to others.

The poem must be judged, not by its descriptions of natural scenery, but by the way in which it portrays the life of Evangeline. We can call to mind dramas in which a certain end is reached in spite of all that is reasonably done to bring about a different result. In "Evangeline" the description of the scenery may or may not be fanciful; the difficulties in the pursuit of Gabriel may or may not be truly given; we must demand, however, that Evangeline's planning shall be so deep and so probable that the final result shall not seem a poet's fabrication. The account of Evangeline following Gabriel (lines 1059-1238) is the weak point in the poem, not merely because of what was done, but also because of the difficulties which are kept concealed. Had Gabriel returned to the East in search of Evangeline it would have been a proof of his devotion to her. Had she returned to the East in search of him, the improbable part of the poem would have been changed, new descriptions would have been required, and within the pale of civilization, with its then limited means of communication, the life-long search might have been continued.

Looking at the poem as an artistic work, it may be judged, without reference to its probability, by the way in which the poetical picture has been drawn, by the figures represented and by their coloring.

The effect produced by the poem depends to a great extent on the beauty and strength of the characters which are portrayed. Of these, Evangeline overshadows all others. They are represented only that she may seem more prominent. Benedict Bellefontaine, Basil the blacksmith, Father Felician, appear

for a moment, pass on, and are seen no more. After his departure from Acadie, we catch only glimpses of Gabriel till the moment of his death; yet he

—weary with waiting, unhappy and restless,
Sought in the Western wilds oblivion of self and of sorrow.

His restlessness alone makes the wanderings of Evangeline possible. Had he found oblivion of self and of sorrow, he would have settled down and been at rest but he goes on and on

Blown by the blast of fate like a dead leaf over the desert.

His life is the other, the unwritten part of the story. What disappointments came to him; what visions, never to be realized, rose before his eyes; what moments of agony made him old before his time, we cannot tell. But he, too, passes on and is seen dimly in the background of the poetical picture which clearly shows only Evangeline. But it is not the Acadian portion of her life that attracts us most. The picture drawn of her there has few special features—it is only the preparation for the after life, and has but one vivid touch—

When she passed it seemed like the ceasing of exquisite music,
a comparison not unlike that in "Festus:"

She died,
There was no discord—it was music ceased.

In the second part of the poem is shown Evangeline's life "incomplete, imperfect, unfinished." Here a sense of pain and indefinite terror tinges all her thoughts, and comes with renewed force at the close of every action. The silence of midnight, the strains of music, the magical moonlight, the words of another sufferer, the words of kindness—all these bring sadness to her. It may be said that her feelings sympathetic to the touch of all that is about her, indicate a nature finer than one could hope to find among the Acadians. Longfellow has indeed ascribed to them simplicity and virtues of all kinds. More than one of the characters in the poem might be taken as a type of nature's noblemen. Yet history does not show that they were a people with high ethical ideals, or that their thoughts travelled far beyond their daily round of cares. But there is in Evangeline something more than Acadian persistence. Patience and

abnegation of self are not the ordinary traits of mankind. Calm, confident and heroic, she works for others, and we may look in vain among the Acadians for those traits of character which are one day to produce an Evangeline. Still, history and seemingly probable fiction show many an unexpected break in the uniform mental and moral development of men, and out of Nazareth comes that for which men cannot account. Shakespeare steps forth from Stratford—without a predecessor, without a successor. To the mind of George Eliot it did not seem strange that Maggie Tulliver should stand alone, distinct in character from all who were around her. We would not seek for these amid the surroundings from which they came, nor would we seek among the Acadians for Evangeline, yet when she comes from them it does not seem strange.

The descriptions of natural scenery are to be judged in their relation to the main theme of the poem. They should exist only to illustrate this, and to this they should be subordinate. In so far as they stand out as independent scenes, and attract attention to themselves alone, just so far do they destroy the unity of the poem. It is in these descriptions that the skill of the poet is clearly seen. Many of them are fine in themselves, but they are placed in the poem because of their effect on Evangeline. Of these only two need be mentioned—lines 1027ff. and 1153ff. In each there is the same cause of sadness, the same mystic splendor, the same effect. Though the outlines of each description are the same, in minor details the coloring is different, and in the latter is clearer and more definite. Like the other descriptions, these form a shadowy background which filled the mind of Evangeline with dread.

In telling the story it was Longfellow's design to present only the leading events, as a traveler following the course of a river. The manner of presentation is largely one of comparison—telling us, not what things are, but what they are like. These comparisons are the unassimilated material of the poem. In them, the force and the beauty exist for the reader only so far as he is able to combine in thought the two objects, or transmit to one the qualities of the other. One noticeable feature is that there is but one reference to classical mythology:

Long under Basil's roof had he lived like a God on Olympus.

In contrast with this is the frequency of the references to Biblical characters. The prophet descending from Sinai, the wrestling of Jacob, the shipwreck of Paul, are some of the objects with which comparisons are aptly made. From comparisons we can get a panorama of the different characters. The poet shows us "men whose lives glided on like rivers," enjoying life "like children delighted;" with hearts which "leaped like the roe;" "scattered like dust and leaves" or "like flakes of snow;" and when all is over, lying "like drifts of snow by the roadside." Not only does he thus show us the outlines of their history, but also their forms, their faces, their thoughts and feelings, their words, the tone of their voices. However, it is in representing Evangeline that the finest comparisons are used, especially in the second part. In a single picture Longfellow shows us the outward appearance of her whole life:

Something there was in her life incomplete, imperfect, unfinished;
As if a morning of June, with all its music and sunshine,
Suddenly paused in the sky, and, fading, slowly descended
Into the east again, from whence it late had arisen.

It is not simply her outward life that is pictured. Her love like some odorous spices suffering no waste nor loss; her hope a Fata Morgana; her pain creeping in as a cold poisonous snake; her thoughts turning like leaves to the light; her presence like the rays of light on the walls of a prison; her saint-like words; the dawning of another life as the first faint streaks of the morning; the mists rolling from her mind, as from a mountain's top the rainy mists of the morning; the final calm soft as descending wings—all these are shown of her. By comparisons we are shown the mocking bird, the whip-poor-will, the vulture, the wand of the sun, the light of the moon; through them we hear the voices of men, the sounds of animals, the moan of the ocean, the rush of the torrent; by them the silence and indistinctness of the desert are made more impressive. There are many others, but they refer to individual features of the poem, and attract the reader's attention less than those already given.

Metaphors are quite frequent and in many a passage add much to the force of the description. Only a few need be quoted to show the skill with which they are used :

Sometimes a rumor, a hearsay, an inarticulate whisper,
Came with its airy hand to point and beckon her forward.

Silently, one by one, in the infinite meadows of heaven,
Blossomed the lovely stars, the forget-me-nots of the angels.

While the reader is attracted by the general gracefulness and fitness of the terms used, here and there may be found expressions whose force and beauty are not apparent. In a few lines words have been added for the sake of the meter, and not for the sake of the thought, as in

Arms have been taken from us and warlike weapons of all kinds.

Of the short phrases which are not peculiarly apt, we may mention "prairies of forest," "red dew," "dewy moon," and "cidevant blacksmith."

It is only by an analysis, dry in proportion to its thoroughness, as a chemical analysis, that the technique in the poem can be properly shown. The use of words long or short, is to some extent modified by the meter—the so-called English dactylic hexameter. The unaccented syllables must be the unaccented syllables of polysyllabic words, or monosyllables which in reading can be incorporated with other words in pronunciation groups. It is at times difficult to subordinate some syllables or some monosyllables which in prose would be accented. A single line will sufficiently illustrate this :

Shut out the turbulent tides; but at stated seasons the flood-gates.

It is difficult to read this and not accent the words "out" and "but." On the other hand words of three, four, or even of five syllables can be readily used, the rhythm depending on the arrangement of dactyls and spondees, the closing of the lines, the number and position of the pauses.

In the first four feet of the line the dactyls and spondees may have any one of sixteen different arrangements. The smallest number of any one arrangement is seventeen. All the feet are spondees in these lines which are usually slow in movement and mournful in tone :

Campfires long consumed, and bones that bleach in the sunshine. . .
All the dull, deep pain and constant anguish of patience!

Coming next to these are nineteen lines in which the fourth foot is a dactyl instead of a spondee, so that the latter part of the line is shorter than the first:

All day long between the shore and the ships did the boats ply;
All day long the wains came laboring down from the village.

The largest number (182) is that of four dactyls, as in the first line of the poem. There are 152 differing from this only in having a spondee in the second place, as in

Worn with the long day's march and the chase of the deer and the bison.

Each arrangement has its distinctive tone, and occurs most frequently in the expression of certain lines of thought. Throughout the poem in the first four feet the dactyls largely predominate—3,440 to 2,156 spondees. In general the lines begin with a dactyl, 1194 beginning in this way, but in the other feet the dactyls and spondees are quite evenly divided.

The regular ending of a hexameter line is a group of five syllables with the accent on the first and fourth. In "Evangeline" there are but six exceptions to this rule: line 498, "ambrosial meadows;" 622, "hundred housetops;" 812, "sylvan islands;" 953, 1106, "Ozark mountains;" 1219, "God has planted." In this final group there are sixteen different combinations of words of different lengths—1106 ending in dissyllables, 229 in monosyllables, 143 in trisyllables, 16 in a word of four syllables, and 5 in a word of five syllables: "Atchafalaya" (lines 807, 937), "Louisiana" (707, 862), "reverberations" (960). There are some arrangements which are avoided; e. g., there are no monosyllables preceeded by a trisyllable, nor are there three monosyllables with a dissyllable placed second in the group. With such a group the dissyllable is usually placed last (1,1,1,2), and nearly one-third of the lines (405) end in this way. A dissyllable forms the final group in 268 lines, and in 249 a monosyllable is placed between two dissyllables. The chief difference between these lines is a difference of accent affecting the rhythm. The combinations, "alike were free from," and "laugh from the young folk," do not produce the same

effect as "motion the clock ticked," nor are the same as "idly the farmer."

The third element modifying the rhythm is the number and position of the pauses. Thirty per cent. of the lines have no grammatical pauses in them. Yet in these lines there is usually a slight rest—the cæsural pause—after the third or fourth accented syllable. The remaining lines have from one to five pauses. Of the last there is only one:

Charity, meekness, love, and hope, and forgiveness, and patience.

There are six lines with four pauses each, as in

Motionless, senseless, dying, he lay, and his spirit exhausted.

The time of repetition is affected by the number of pauses, the smoothness of the line by their position. There are some lines where a pause is rarely found,—in the entire poem there are only fourteen after the third syllable of a foot, and there is only one after the third syllable of the fifth foot:

Are there not other youths as fair as Gabriel? others—.

Taken as a whole the pauses are the outward marks showing the time relation of the different parts of the lines, and their number and position have much to do with the solemnity or the liveliness of expression.

Besides the external features of the rhythm, the sounds within the words, or the "tone-color as exhibited in the sounds of verse" must also be considered. "Few points in the physical well-being of a formal poem require more artistic care than the insidious recurrence of the same vowel-color in consecutive or neighboring words to the extent of wearying the ear or its imagination." "There is, however, one important co-ordination of consonant-colors made by the ear in every series of verse-sounds, which takes pleasurable note of the recurrence of all the same, or like, consonant-colors, whether at the beginning, middle or end, of accented or unaccented syllables." We need do no more to show the poet's care in this respect than to quote a few lines in which a single sound is made more prominent than the others in the verse.

Slowly over the tops of the Ozark mountains the moon rose,
has in it an indication of the slowness of the rising, and the solemnity of the scene. The l's in

Lighted her soul in sleep with the glory of regions celestial
have in them a suggestion of elevated joyousness. We can feel the swiftness of the motion in

Darted a light, swift boat that sped away o'er the water.

Noticeable is the number of r's in

while a shudder
Ran through her frame, and forgotten, the flowerets dropped from her fingers.

Two other lines may be quoted in which there is a general adaptation of sound to sense :

Whir of wings in the drowsy air, and the cooing of pigeons.

Merrily, merrily whirled the wheels of the dizzying dances.

A careful study of the entire poem with reference to meter, endings, and pauses reveals much in reference to the exactness of the poet's art, and only a few can be cited which are prosaic, e. g.

Children's children rode on his knee, and heard his great watch tick.
Four long years in the times of the war had he languished a captive.

But compared with these the number of lines which show a delicate appreciation of harmony is so large that we cannot fail to admire the word-mosaic of the artist. But before passing final judgment on the work, it will be necessary to consider the way in which it ends. The closing scene, freshest in memory, affects our view of all the other parts as we look back at them, for into them we read, to some extent, the final result.

Because of its solemnity, the closing of this poem attracts the reader's attention, and remains in his memory. Had Evangeline and Gabriel met after twenty years of wandering the final good would tend to destroy the reader's interest in the previous ill, and the poem would lose much of its interest, for the strangeness of death gives a mysterious tone to all that has gone before. It is so in all writings. The dead hero is oftentimes more to us than he could have been, living. Hamlet living is, indeed, of in-

finitely more value to us than is Hamlet dead ; still for the latter we have a strange sympathy. While the death of a character may call our attention more closely to his life, such an ending is not always best for a character in literature. It may simply be the cutting of a Gordian knot, a tacit admission that the author can no longer deal with the character, and so he bids him farewell. In proof of this we may refer to the chief character in a work belonging to a past book generation—"Robert Elsmere." He dies just as he had answered the theoretical questions which had been put to him. He was prepared to work, and the work was before him. More interesting to us, beyond measure more valuable to mankind, would have been a Robert Elsmere of eighty years looking back at his life work, and telling us how his theories had stood the test of actual life.

The object of this poem is to show us "the beauty and strength of woman's devotion." It is, however, a devotion to an ideal. Had Evangeline and Gabriel met after twenty years there would have been both time and occasion to test her devotion to reality. Such an ending would perhaps have been too practical to be poetical. It would certainly require the skill of a poet more skillful than Longfellow to give to it the interest which now attaches to "Evangeline." Such an ending might be sad because of the burden of an actual duty. It might not bring tears because of death-bed scenes, but "thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears."

Will the poem long hold a place in the thoughts of men? Its continued popularity cannot be predicted because it is peculiarly an American poem. Geographically considered it is American, but it is not American in the sense of voicing any thought or feeling that is peculiar to America. It does not pretend to do this. It appeals to mankind and not to any national feeling, and it must be judged by a standard in which the feeling of nationalism does not exist. Judged by such a standard, there are several considerations which lead us to think that it will not soon be forgotten.

It has colored with a poetical light the history of the Acadians, and has won our sympathies for them. Acadie the happy! It has played a small part in the history of the world; its people have

left no record of themselves, yet they appeal to us as a people who were wronged, as wanderers on the face of the earth. The poem has become associated in the minds of men with sufferings which will long arouse the sympathies of others. While aided by these favorable, self-created historical environments, it presents a unity of outline, a variety in details, a carefulness in drawing and coloring that it pleases whether we consider it as a whole or in its various parts. In addition, it is pervaded with moral teaching. It does not indeed preach the need of moral power, but it records a constant and successful struggle, ending in the calmness of a life whose strength lies in its moral intensity.

For some poems which Longfellow has written, perpetuity cannot be claimed. He has written some, which will one day not be read at all, or if read, it will be on account of the name of the author rather than from their own merits. Still we must judge not by that which shall pass away, but by that which will endure. The poet should be judged by those parts which seize on men and gain for themselves a place in the reader's spiritual make-up. The day may come when Longfellow, like many of the writers of the past, will be known only by the lines in which he has touched a key in harmony with the highest aspirations of the human race. But we believe that far in the future the purity of his moral tone will make itself heard, and that then, as now, those who study him will realize the truth of his own words:

There are great truths that pitch their shining tents
Outside our walls, and though but dimly seen
In the gray dawn, they will be manifest
When the light widens into perfect day.

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A SEVENTEENTH CENTURY SINGER

Some time ago, in an issue of the *Atlantic Monthly*, there appeared an interesting series of "Fresh Leaves from Emerson's Diary—Walks with Ellery Channing." My attention was forcibly arrested by the following lines—"He (Channing) celebrated Herrick as the best of English poets—a true Greek in English poetry; a great deal better poet than Milton." On first reading these lines, one feels dismayed at the apparent temerity of the thought. Sober second consideration, however, suggests that all depends on the view point, for, in the realm of verse as in the firmament, one star differeth from another in glory.

There are almost countless definitions of a poet, and the reader can subscribe to any that best suits him. In Goethe's opinion, two things are required of the poet—he must rise above reality and he must remain within the sphere of the sensuous. These requirements Herrick undoubtedly meets. He cannot, of a truth, be likened to John Milton, whose strong intellectual and moral convictions, lofty purity, and intense seriousness render him a majestic Colossus. The semi-pagan singer of the seventeenth century, was made of stuff far less stern. He was content to warble of birds and blossoms, and gorgeous colors and fair ladies, regardless, apparently, that his century was writhing in the horrors of civil war. Like Emerson's Humble-bee, he was satisfied with

Seeing only what is fair,
Sipping only what is sweet.

Throughout the major part of his verse, there is manifest a joy in living because the earth is fair and goodly—an idea that the world seemed to have forgotten until Boccaccio sounded it anew—and that man's duty is to take "the goods the gods provide," and be happy. The daintiness and freshness of Herrick's verse reveal to perfection one phase of the poetic spirit, and bring with them and in them a genuine echo of the richness and color of the Elizabethan song.

Whether or not Herrick was learned in Greek lore, we have no possibility of ascertaining; that he was steeped in the Greek spirit, seems certain. The atmosphere of his poetry is truly

Greek. His luxuriant imagination made its loftiest and most precious flights into the cloud-land of myth and fable. He mentions Homer and has possible translations from Anacreon. Perhaps, like Petrarch, whose genius sought to soar across the vagueness of his time and to regain the traditions of a glorious past, Herrick poured, enraptured, over a Homer, whose pages he could not fully understand, but from which he inhaled a divine afflatus. Be this as it may, he assimilated, with rare felicity, the spirit of Theocritus, and, as one catches over and over again, in the "*Hesperides*," the trill of sweetest song or listens to the tender murmuring of tuneful brooklets or feasts his eye upon banks of myriad flowers or drinks in the gracious odors of bloom and fruit and vine, no great imagination is required to fancy oneself with the Hellenic singer in the changeful, modern world.

Herrick lived in a troublous time, though his joyous nature seemed little affected by it. The comforts vouchsafed him were enjoyed; the privations forced upon him were endured. He could say that "*Fortune's buffets and rewards*" he with "*equal thanks had taken*." Born in 1594, he began the active work of his fourscore years before the passing of the Elizabethan dramatists, and did not end it entirely until after the birth of Addison. The productive period of his life, however, is limited chiefly to the reign of the first Charles. The drama during this period was rapidly and steadily declining. Shakespeare had passed beyond the voices and had seemed to draw up the ladder after him. Marlowe's mantle had found no worthy shoulders upon which to fall. Ben Jonson (Saint Ben, as Herrick called him) joined the great majority. Shirley and Cartwright, with a few kindred spirits, were vainly trying to arrest the fleeting art. The spirit of the times tended rather to song. Lyrical poetry received an impetus, which would probably have carried it to a height and a volume unparalleled in English verse, had there not arisen that terrific struggle which overturned the monarchy, beheaded the monarch, and sent through the hearts of both Puritan and Cavalier a thrill which ceased not until the restored King proved that resentment had but little place in his volatile nature.

In the days before the Civil War of 1642 poetic promise in England was great, but with the advent of that time of storm, song, in its larger aspects, bade the English world farewell. Some of the singers were awed into silence; and others turned their poetic power into the fierce channel of political controversy, and found in that maelstrom an outlet for their impassioned thoughts. Of the latter class was Sir John Suckling whose tempestuous, exuberant nature secured ample solace in the excitement and turmoil of the national strife. Robert Herrick, with a sunniness of spirit no clouds could darken and no storms appal, pursued the uninterrupted and serene tenor of his pastoral way, and produced charming, flower-bedecked madrigals, dreamy, half-pagan warblings, little heeding that his native land was being swept by the violence of war. Such he was—a poet born, an artist inevitable, and herein may be found justification of Channing's dictum.

Except, perhaps, Shelley no English lyricist has surpassed Herrick in the pure music of words and in the melodious combinations of thought. One cannot conceive of Milton, with his ponderous prejudices, his tremendous virility, his invincible spirit, reclining, as a Sybarite, on a bed of rose leaves, while fairies and sprites and classical divinities, with wands and garlands and crowns, flitted through groves of emerald verdure, bespangled with violets and daffodils, redolent with subtlest perfume, and illumined by a light that never was seen on sea or land. In elevation of theme and in intensity of thought, as well as in majesty of treatment, our Herrick can claim no kinship with the "God-gifted organ-voice of England;" nor in variety of style can he compete with numbers of the poets not far removed from him in point of time; but in the richness and charm and abundance of lyrical achievement he is easily first.

Mr. Edmund Gosse has called attention to the fact that Herrick was indebted for his poetic model not to Catullus, as numerous critics have asserted, but to Martial. Mr. Gosse says, "In reality, it would be difficult to name a lyric poet with whom Herrick had less in common than with the Veronese, whose eagle flights into the very noonday depths of passion, swifter than Shelley's, as flaming as Sappho's, have no sort of fellow-

ship with the pipings of our gentle and luxurious babbler by the flowery brooks." This criticism has found favor with later students who have taken the trouble to verify it by comparison. The "Epigrams" of the Roman poet and the "Hesperides" of the English poet show a striking similarity in their gentle, fanciful pictures, in the frequent allusions to their authors, in the skillful and spontaneous mosaics of song, in the unaffected delight in reveling with Nature. It is well-known, however, that Herrick sat in reverent admiration at the feet of Ben Jonson, who was an avowed disciple of Martial: and it is probable that from the Elizabethan, rather than from the Roman, Herrick drew his direct inspiration. At the impressible age of nineteen, he seems to have come under Jonson's influence. He acknowledges this influence in such lines as these:

Make the way smooth for me,
When I, thy Herrick,
Honoring thee, on my knee
Offer my lyric.

About that time Jonson was producing some of his best dramas and was producing, also, some of his popular masques—a form of composition, in which, strangely enough, the burly Elizabethan was a master. From some of these masques, Herrick drew a wealth of suggestion for his "Hesperides"—suggestions of the spirit and lore of elves and witches, of hags and fairies: suggestions for his pictures of rural England, green and fragrant with blooming hedge-rows and alive with fantastic dances and revels.

Robert Herrick was born in London in 1591, and even in his very early years (he tells us), he could discern beauty in a crimson-tinted cloud and in the silver ripple of a way-side stream. When the boy was only one year old, his father died and for sixteen years we have little authoritative information concerning the future poet. At that age he was apprenticed to a wealthy goldsmith uncle with whom he remained until he entered St. John's College, Cambridge. During the years spent at college, his financial circumstances seem to have compelled frequent appeals to the rich uncle. From some of these letters, still extant, it is interesting to note two things: first, that he was fond of in-

dulging in Latin quotations; and, second, that he displayed interesting diversity in the spelling of his name, six forms being employed.

In October, 1629, Herrick succeeded to the living of Dean Prior in South Devon, where he remained in rural comfort, fancy-free, until he was unceremoniously ejected by the Puritans, nineteen years later. In portions of the "*Hesperides*," he makes the reader acquainted with his manner of living in the old Rectory among the rustic village folk, whose primitive customs seem to have accorded well with his nondescript proclivities. There were famous May-pole dances, when the lads and lassies, gaily attired and garlanded with "daffodils and daisies," sang lustily, laughed loudly, and danced madly. There were walks and wassails and morris-dances and feasting and drinking that would have delighted Bacchus himself.

There does seem a strange inconsistency in the life of Herrick. Appointed to lead a people in spiritual paths, he found exceeding great pleasure in making the world for them, as it was for him, a "land of pure delight," where the philosophy, "Gather ye rosebuds while ye may," found constant exemplification. The last stanza of "*Corinna's Going a-Maying*" well formulates this philosophy.

Not that Herrick failed in his clerical duties as he conceived them; the pastoral demands were duly met; the sermons were preached regularly, and a little volume of sacred verse, entitled "*Holy Numbers*," was written and published. But not in these things did the preacher-poet live and have his real being. Devon was his Arcadia, wherein he dreamed of fair women, and laughed and rioted, undisturbed by religious strife or political fury, though religion was racked and politics were rent.

When, in 1648, his Arcadia was shattered, he returned to London only to find that the hand of Time had been busy during the nineteen years of his absence. Jonson, and Fletcher, and others in whom his soul had once found delight were gone. Few of the later poets were suited to his taste. He realized painfully that no solitude is so intense as that of a great city. The Puritans cut off his living, and he was reduced to poor lodgings which pitying relatives supplied. After fourteen years of

this life he was sent back—an old man, broken by life's vicissitudes—to the Devonshire vicarage. Little has been recorded of those last years. From the church register of Dean Prior, this note is taken: "Robert Herrick was buried ye fifteenth day of October, 1674." Probably the last lines written by him were in the form of an epitaph, inscribed on the tomb of two of his parishoners:

No trust to metals nor to marbles, when
These have their fate, and wear away as men;
Time, titles, trophies may be lost and spent,
But virtue rears the eternal monument.
What more than these can tombs or tombstones pay?
But here's the sunset of a tedious day:
These two asleep are; I'll but be undressed,
And so to bed; pray wish us all good rest.

"*Hesperides*," Herrick's chief volume, is made up of 1231 poems, ranging in length from two lines to a considerable number of stanzas, and in subject, from nature gems, through the realm of domestic incident, with apostrophes to lovely women, up to disquisitions on subjects serious and profound. There are lyrics and odes and epigrams and songs and epithalamia, blended in reckless confusion and profusion, without regard to form or length or theme. The general motif of the volume may be gathered from the opening lines:

I sing of brooks, of blossoms, birds and bowers;
Of April, May, of June and July flowers;
I sing of May-poles, hock-carts, wassails, wakes,
Of bride-grooms, brides, and of their bridal cakes.

I write of groves, of twilights, and I sing
The court of Mab and of the fairy king.
I write of Hell. I sing (and ever shall)
Of Heaven, and hope to have it after all.

The book is full of happy Epicureanism, an absolute joy in living, of the gladness of Nature and the beauty of it, with flowers on every hand—the air fragrant with them and the landscape brilliant with them. The epigrams, unfortunately too numerous, are the blemishes, which to only a slight degree mar the perfection of the whole; the little clouds that now and then darken the sunniness, perchance to make it the sunnier by con-

trast; the little rifts that break the melody only to intensify its restored sweetness.

The lyrics are the brightest gems in the galaxy of the "Hesperides." In them Herrick's limped verse is unruffled by any storm of passion or any depth of thought. The sun seems to shine upon a "world re-arisen to the duty of pleasure." Bacchus rides through the valleys with his leopards and his maidens and his ivy-rods; loose-draped nymphs, playing on the lyre, bound about their foreheads with vervain and the cool stalks of parsley, fill the silent air with their melodies and dances. This poet sings of a land where all the men are young and strong, and all the women, lovely; where life is only a dream of sweet delights of the bodily senses.

Herrick's delicious fancy and his proneness to luxuriate amid the magic of visionary pleasures did not, however, blind him to the beauties around him. He could discern the four-leafed clover that grew beside his own door. To his enamored eye the native landscapes were clothed in perennial charm; there were "banks of lilies and the cream of sweetest cowslips" filling them. In green meadows, sat eternal May, "purpling the margents," and "Aurora threw her fresh-quilted colors through the air." The homeliest phases of domestic life are portrayed with a singularly tender felicity. The inmates of the Rectory were Prudence Baldwin (an "ancient maiden") a lamb, a spaniel, a cat, a pig, a goose, a hen; all these, he makes to pass in interesting procession before the reader's eye.

The brisk mouse may feed herself with crumbs,
Till that green-eyed kitling comes.

Culinary processes, now and then, inspired his versatile and accommodating Muse, as in the familiar poem, entitled the "Bride-Cake:"

This day, my Julia, thou must make
For Mistress Bride, the wedding cake;
Knead but the dough, and it will be
To paste of almonds, turned by thee;
Or kiss it thou, but once or twice,
And for the bride-cake, there'll be spice.

To read these dainty, home-keeping lines, one suffers no strain on the feelings, discerns no unreality in the note; one feels ra-

ther, that he has been a denizen of the poet's Arcadia and has lived with him amid these scenes.

Herrick's poems might warrant the belief that his loves of women were many and frequent; that he was scarcely ever "off with the old love before he was on with the new." The "*Hesperides*" contains dainty and amorous ditties to *Anthea*, to *Silvia*, to *Perilla*, to *Corinna*, to *Julia*; but, with the exception of the last-named, these maidens were only airy, fairy creatures of the poet's romantic brain, around whom he delighted to entwine wreaths of ardent adoration. As his imagination fashioned these beatific creatures, his material vision gave them form, and, to him, they were what they seemed to be. He was never married, but, in his early days,—the Cambridge days probably—there seems to have been a maiden fair to see, who charmed his fancy and inspired his song. This maiden was probably the "*Julia*" of the "*Hesperides*." He tells of her dress and of her looks; she wears rich silks and satins; she has a dark blue petticoat, ornamented with gold stars; her eyes are black, but her hair is not black, and her cheeks rival the roses.

Some asked me where the rubies grew,
And nothing did I say,
But with my finger, pointed to
The lips of *Julia*.
Some asked how pearls did grow, and where;
Then spoke I to my girl,
To part her lips, and showed them there
The quarrelets of pearl.

Phyllis is promised "ribbands, roses, rings, gloves, garters, stockings, shoes, and strings of winning colors."

Anthea is assured of her lover's accommodating spirit:

Bid me to live, and I will live
Thy Protestant to be;
Or bid me love, and I will give
A loving heart to thee.

Bid me despair, and I'll despair
Under that cypress tree;
Or bid me die, and I will dare
E'en death to die for thee.

There is almost a total lack of passion in these love poems; they reveal none of the desperate feeling of *Byron*, none of the

yearning tenderness of Burns. They are graceful and musical, they delight the taste; but do not stir the heart.

Sometimes, the poet is charmed with a sweet disorder in the dress —

A lawn about the shoulders thrown
 Into a fine distraction;
 An erring lace, which, here and there,
 Enthralls the crimson stomacher;
 A cuff neglected, and, thereby,
 Ribbons to flow confusedly;
 A winning wave, deserving note,
 In the tempestuous petticoat;
 A careless shoestring, in whose tie,
 I see a wild civility.

The description of "Oberon's Feast" is altogether charming:

A little mush-room table spread,
 After short prayers, they set on bread;
 A moon-parched grain of purest wheat,
 With some small glittering grit to eat
 His choice bits with.

To quench his thirst,
 A pure seed-pearl of infant dew,
 Brought and besweetened in a blue
 And pregnant violet, . . .

and so on, through the long list of fairy delicacies, such as the "horns of papery butterflies," "beards of mice," "a little moth, late fattened in a piece of cloth," the "slain stag's tears," "the broke heart of a nightingale." Herrick has been truly called the last laureate of Fairyland.

In "Hesperides," the poet finds ample opportunity of making the reader acquainted with the author; he gives views of his home life; he describes his feelings, his hopes, his fears, his pleasures; he avows his thirst for fame and a confidence in securing it; his poetry is his "hope and his pyramid, ne'er to be thrown down by envious Time." The thought of Death is not welcome to him, but when it must come, he would divest it of sombre robes and wedding plumes and funereal paraphernalia, and arrayed in white, he would be laid among the blooming roses, while Perilla may "let fall a primrose and with it a tear."

Herrick published one other volume of verse — "Noble Num-

bers," —strangely unlike "Hesperides" in subject-matter, but, in spite of the author's efforts, curiously like it in style. He tried to lay aside his jocular proclivities; he tried to cover his pagan tendencies with a mantle of becoming seriousness; doubtless, he thought he had succeeded, but he did not. The cloven foot will protrude; "the trail of the serpent is over them all." The spirituality of the little volume is genuine, though tainted with "earth earthy," and the jolly Epicurean emerges, now and then, from beneath the penitential robes of the priest. In some of these poems, Herrick tries to make a compromise between his religious sense of duty and his pagan sense of beauty. We find an abundance of color and fragrance, and his divine subjects are lavishly adorned. In the "Ode to Jesus," he would crown the infant Saviour with roses and daffodils. In these poems, one looks in vain for the earnestness of Sandys, the pathos of Herbert, the reverence of Crashaw, the spirituality of Vaughan. There are, however, some praise-worthy productions, as the "Dirge of Jephthah's Daughter," and the "Litany." "A Thanksgiving to God" is notable in its gratitude for homely blessings:

Lord, thou hast given me a cell,
Wherein to dwell;
A little house, whose humble roof
Is weather-proof;
Under the spars of which I lie
Both soft and dry;
Where Thou, my chamber for to ward,
Hast set a guard
Of harmless thoughts to watch and keep
Me while I sleep.
Low is my porch as is my fate,
Both void of state;
And yet the threshold of my door
Is worn by the poor,
Who thither come and freely get
Good words or meat.

.
'Tis Thou that crown'st my glittering hearth
With guiltless mirth,
And giv'st me wassail bowls to drink
Spiced to the brink.
.

All these and better, Thou dost send
Me, to this end,
That I should render for my part
A thankful heart,
Which, fired with incense, I resign
As wholly Thine;
But the acceptance, that must be,
My Christ, by Thee.

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THE CHARACTER OF VICTOR HUGO'S HERNANI

IN an inductive study of a dramatic character there are certain canons of interpretation to be observed, of which the following are the most obvious and obligatory. First, there must be organic unity. From all the acts and words of a given personage, from all the concrete details of his conduct and influence, and from the attitude of the other characters towards him, there is evolved a definite, single character, motivated by at least one simple idea or passion, as that of ambition in Macbeth, or patriotism in Horace, or chivalrous honor in Hernani. In the second place, the interpretation must be exhaustive, introducing all the details of the evidence, whether direct or indirect. The character of Hamlet, for example, is revealed to us not only by what he does or even fails to do, but also by the attitude of the other dramatic characters towards the melancholy Dane. In *L'Avare* certain aspects of the miser's character are made known to us by the indirect evidence of the children and his servants; as, for example, when one of the latter informs the avaricious Harpagon as to how he is regarded by his neighbors. Furthermore, indirect evidence is sometimes emphasized by means of character-foils or character-contrasts, as may be seen in the case of such characters as Portia and Nerissa, Antigone and Ismene, or Hernani and Don Carlos. Again, the field may be further extended so as to take in groups of characters, as a gang of outlaws, a band of conspirators, or a company of patriots. All these various methods of obtaining evidence may be employed in order to arrive at a just appreciation and an adequate interpretation of an individual dramatic character.

The first character in Victor Hugo's *Hernani* thus to be studied and interpreted is the hero himself. Hernani is not an abstraction, a mere type; he is a concrete individual, possessed of various conflicting passions and emotions and actuated by a complexity of motives. We have definite information about his past life and his present occupations and surroundings. When a child he went barefooted in the woods, and while still a child took an oath to avenge his father, who had been put to death

on the scaffold by the father of Don Carlos. The young bandit is beardless, haughty in his looks, wears a large cloak, hat, and leather cuirass, carries a sword, dagger, and horn, and changes his costume to suit the occasion. He is poor, but has air, daylight, water and rights; lives among rough outlaws in the high mountains, sleeps in the grass, drinks from the mountain torrent, suspects everything—eyes, voices, steps, sounds, and at night hears balls whistling in his ears, "Heaven made him a duke and exile a mountaineer." He is called a rebel subject and is put under the ban by the king, with whom he is at war. The young exile feels that it is his imperative duty to avenge his father, and that, by pursuing the king, he is engaged in a righteous cause. To accomplish his purpose Hernani assumes the disguise of a bandit just as Hamlet assumes the disguise of madness and Fiesco that of the fool's cap. In spite of this disguise, however, he does not become vulgarized but remains still a great lord, and therefore capable of hatred, jealousy, and revenge.

Possessed, then, of various passions and partly a victim of circumstances over which he has no control, Hernani naturally comes into conflict with necessity or fate, his own will, and the will of others. As a result of this dramatic conflict, we see him prompted by motives necessarily contradictory, and exhibiting many apparently inconsistent phases of his real and assumed character. In his double rôle of bandit and lord he undergoes a conflict between love and duty, is pursued by a profound sorrow, is melancholy, pessimistic, purposeless, vacillating, sarcastic, distrustful, jealous, hateful, revengeful, impulsive, magnanimous, chivalrous, possessed of a high sense of honor, heroic, lover-like, sentimental, poetic, fatal, a man of night, a wanderer on the face of the earth, *une force qui va*. In a word, Hernani is a romantic hero, incarnating by his double character of lord and bandit, the emotions, the passions, the aspirations, the contradictions, the doubts and the revolts of the modern complex man.

One of Hernani's most striking characteristics is his melancholy. It is not the humorous melancholy of Jaques, nor the misanthropic melancholy of Alceste, or Timon of Athens, but it is rather the pessimistic melancholy of Hamlet, who, though he

feels that the world is not right, is yet, like Charles von Moor, unwilling to surrender to the wrong. It is of the Byronic type, and recalls the Corsair, the Giaour, and "the pilgrim of nature." He is a direct descendant also of Werther and René, and is cousin to the sentimental and melancholy heroes of Bulwer. He is at times gloomy and moody, and his misfortune becomes to him night, into which he plunges. He has a "sea of troubles" against which he is compelled to "take arms."

There's something in his soul
O'er which his melancholy sits on brood,
And I do doubt the hatch and the disclose
Will be some danger.

His pensive melancholy is brought about both by his own mishaps and those of others. His will is thwarted by forces outside himself, and he cannot shake off this fatality which pursues him day and night. His sorrow becomes profound, and a black grief is spread over his life, so that he recognizes himself as an unconscious energy — *une force qui va*. His bride death awaits him and he forebodes a "sombre end to a sombre life." Hernani recognizes the "fatal finger on the wall" and has an intuition of his fatal destiny which "rails at him." Out of this fatalism grows his morbid melancholy, which leads to doubt, distrust, irresolution, weakness. As soon, however, as he is pardoned and his ducal name, his ancestral castle, and his sweetheart are restored to him, his gloomy melancholy disappears, and he is correspondingly happy and hopeful; but when later he hears the fatal blast of his horn in the hands of the inexorable old duke he realizes that he is not yet done with the fatal name of Hernani, and plunges again into darkness, melancholy, and despair. "The ancient wound, which seemed closed, opens again," and he dies. His rash act, though simply an error of judgment, made under the impulse of the moment, is followed by fatal consequences. His own self recoils upon himself, and, after all, his character assists in determining his destiny; and yet, at the same time, the element of fatality lends much to the pathos of the catastrophe.

Hernani is not only melancholy, but, like all sombre characters, he is distrustful and jealous. He is jealous of the kisses of

the old duke, to whom Doña Sol is betrothed. An instance of his distrust is exhibited in the pilgrim scene when Doña Sol appears dressed as a bride. The disguised Hernani sarcastically congratulates her and ironically admires the different articles contained in the casket, declaring, for example, that "the bracelet is rare, but it is one hundred times less rare than the woman who, under a brow so pure, conceals an infamous and false heart." When at length she tells him that there is at the bottom of the casket the very dagger she wrested from Don Carlos, who was trying to carry her off, Hernani falls penitent at her feet, is abundantly pardoned, and begs her to reassure his doubting heart. On another occasion when she appears unexpectedly at the tomb, he looks upon her with ill-concealed mistrust. It may be remarked, nevertheless, that Hernani's jealousy is of the Romantic type. It is not founded on any real proof or even on any serious suspicion of treachery, but is caused by his sick and troubled soul. It is not malicious like Othello's or Gomez's; to the contrary, the fatal bandit fears lest he might do his lover harm. Finally, in the pardon scene, when he surrenders the name of Hernani and assumes his former ducal name of John of Aragon, his jealousy disappears together with his other evil passions.

Stronger than Hernani's jealousy are his hatred and desire for revenge. For years he has nursed his hatred, caused first by the murder of his father by the father of Carlos, and again by the fact that the king is his rival for the hand of Doña Sol. To keep his childhood's oath Hernani has followed Don Carlos day and night for the purpose of wreaking his revenge. He expresses his hatred fiercely when he encounters the king in the very act of carrying off by force Doña Sol in order to make her his queen. Earlier in the action he hesitated between love and hate, but finally decided in favor of hate and therefore vengeance. Later, when Carlos succeeds in getting possession of Doña Sol, Hernani's desire for revenge returns and causes him to take the fatal oath; but later still, when he is magnanimously pardoned by the emperor, his hatred vanishes away, and his actions are consequently no longer influenced by his craving for vengeance. Lastly, in the catastrophe, the quondam bandit

realizes too late that his ruin is brought about by his failure to avenge his father, who, however, does not forget to avenge himself on the son that has forgotten his duty to his father.

Hernani is possessed not only of evil passions but also of positive virtues. In the pardon scene, where he has dropped the fatal name of Hernani and has assumed his real name of John of Aragon, his evil passions of melancholy, distrust, jealousy, hatred and revenge, are, as has been observed, all given up, and his noble virtues of love, magnanimity, and honor, glimpses of which had been caught before, appear in all their strength and beauty. Here is seen the antithesis existing between his real and assumed character, and a little later will be emphasized the union of destiny and character in determining his fate.

Among these positive virtues, which help to form the artistic complexity of Hernani's character, are his chivalry, consideration, and magnanimity. Though kings are not sacred to him, though his rage swells when a king insults him, yet he will not assassinate Carlos whom he has in his power, but breaks his own sword and with the chivalry of a Spanish lord bids Carlos fly and take with him the bandit's cloak, lest one of the outlaws, recognizing the king, might stab him. When in the pardon scene Hernani is placed among those whose lives are spared, he protests and claims that he, too, is a noble and should therefore be included among the unpardoned nobles. Time and again our hero shows himself magnanimous towards Doña Sol, whom he does not wish to expose to the rude life of the outlaws or to the scaffold by which he is threatened. He considers it a crime to snatch the flower from the precipice as he falls into the abyss. In the pilgrim scene, when he thinks he has placed his sweetheart in a compromising position, he pleads guilty of trying to carry her off from the old duke, but declares emphatically that Doña Sol is pure. In the last balcony scene, when Hernani hears the fatal blast of the horn, he endeavors to keep the truth from Doña Sol and seeks to spare her the agony of seeing him meet his fate. He considerately sends her away after a flask, and is startled at her unexpected return. After she has drunk the fatal potion, from which she suffers intensely, he tells Gomez

that a less cruel poison should have been chosen for the unhappy woman.

Hernani is Cornelian in his heroic love and high sense of honor. In the wooing scenes he is ardent, tender, sentimental, religious. For him love is something sacred, ideal, transcendental, a foretaste and foreshadowing of a spiritual union in another world beyond the skies. In his melancholy moods his love is the concrete real love of the Romantics, and not the abstract love or the mere effect of love represented by the classical writers. At one time the outlaw becomes so despondent that he declares to Doña Sol that Heaven has evidently not consented to their loves, and therefore he will surrender to her the heart he has stolen.

Still more sacred and heroic than his love is Hernani's delicate sense of honor. Like the true Spanish lord in the times of chivalry he is avid of honor. Like Hotspur he would "pluck down honor from the moon or drag it up from the depths of the sea." Hernani's chivalrous fidelity to the oath calls up the past, and is in that respect genuinely Romantic. In spite of Doña Sol's entreaties to break his oath, which she does not consider so binding as his pledge of love, he is inexorable, for he feels compelled to keep his oath in order to preserve his honor. He declares that he will not go with treason on his brow. Like Antigone of old he obeys what he deems a higher law and succumbs to a lower. While his body yields to death, his soul is victorious and "rises with his lover in an even flight towards a better world."

Our hero's most striking characteristic, however, and the one most frequently misunderstood by the classical critics, is his poetical temperament, due partly to his life in the mountains in direct contact with Nature. While the representation of such a temperament may be called lyricism and not drama, it is at the same time genuinely Romantic. The tourist in Scotland, the traveler on the continent, and the exiled noble in the mountains of Europe, all have a feeling for Nature hitherto unknown to poetry. The voice of "the pilgrim of nature" is heard in the land. Hernani's love for Nature is therefore natural and truly representative of the contemporary man of culture. Like other

Romantic heroes, then, Hernani expresses himself in lyrical language. Not only does he reveal his natural life and passions, but he also depicts nature and external objects. His lyrical passages are filled with real beauties and lofty sentiments, possessing a certain charm of freshness and immortal youth, and impregnated with the local color of the times. In one of their love scenes Hernani asks Doña Sol to sing to him, to enchant and delight him, for it is sweet to love and to be loved. In figurative and poetical language he says to Doña Sol that if she will command the volcano to stifle its flames, it will at once close up its half-open craters and will have upon its sides only flowers and green grasses. He loves the meadows, flowers, woods, and the song of the nightingale. In answer to one of his sweetheart's rapturous outbursts of poetry, Hernani exclaims: "Ah, who would not forget everything while listening to that celestial voice? Thy word is a song in which nothing human remains. And, like a traveler, who, carried away upon a stream, glides over the waters on a beautiful summer's evening, and sees fleeing before his eyes a thousand flowery plains, my soul entranced roams in thy reveries."

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JOHN ESTEN COOKE AS A NOVELIST

It is now seventy-five years since the birth of John Esten Cooke, fifty years since the appearance of his first novel, and almost twenty years since his death. Within the half century which has just closed, his fame grew, flourished, and declined; within the thirty years of his literary life it rose to its highest, and, as has been the case in the lives of many quickly-successful men, the author himself lived to see its rapid diminishment.

Perhaps the most widely known and most popular novelist the South has ever had was this man, John Esten Cooke. In his early work imitative to some degree, in his later productions hasty unto negligence, he nevertheless possessed qualities that lifted him high above the common run of fiction writers and made him, at his best, the companion of Irving and Cooper. In not a few ways he resembles these two men; for he united in his writings the gentler traits of the one with the more strenuous character of the other. A love of lingering description and the charm of wild activity were in him well mingled.

He was born at Winchester, Virginia, in 1830 and like his brother, Philip Pendleton Cooke, the author of "Florence Vane," enjoyed exceptional advantages in mental endowment, environment, and opportunities for general culture. The father, John Rogers Cooke, was in his day the strongest lawyer in his part of the State, and the son, having chosen the same profession, might easily have gained a lucrative practice. But John Esten Cooke had none of the father's love for the court-room, and, although he did indeed open an office, he used it mainly for the writing of poems and fiction. We may fairly say that he gained precious little from his vocation but much from his avocation. At the age of twenty-four he had become rather widely known through some of his fiction, especially "Leather Stocking and Silk" and "Virginia Comedians." At length he gave up entirely the attempt to be both lawyer and writer, and henceforth his whole time was devoted to literature. With the outbreak of war he entered the Confederate army and during the last years of the campaign was Inspector General of the horse artillery of the Army of Northern Virginia. Paroled at the surrender, he

once more returned to the quiet but industrious life that he so much preferred.

Of course, as a Virginian, Cooke wrote of the beloved mother of States. That it was indeed beloved may be inferred from his words concerning his home: "I would rather pass my time quietly here at 'The Briars' in the beautiful Valley of the Shenandoah than rule a nation." From his first to his last novel, the trend of his efforts never varied. "His aim was to paint the Virginia phase of American society, and to do for the 'Old Dominion' what Cooper had done for the Indians, what Hawthorne had done for the Puritans, what Simms had done for South Carolina, and what Irving had done for the Dutch."

Like most American novelists, he wrote much that has perished. Some of his stories are not read to-day; some are not even heard of; but when all this is said, there remain for posterity such permanent works as "Virginia Comedians," "Stories of the Old Dominion," "Surry of Eagle's Nest," "Henry St. John, Gentleman," and "Hilt to Hilt." These, by their vividness, their forceful characters, and the very power of their movement, will not soon pass away.

It has been mentioned that there is in him a love of lingering description. How he delights in the scenes of colonial days,—the horse-racing, the stately dances, the contests between fiddlers, the barbecues, and all the other quaint elements of that curiously hearty but cultured society! For an evidence of this, note but a few lines from a description of a horse-race in the "Virginia Comedians:"

As the day draws on, the crowd becomes more dense. The splendid chariots of the gentry roll up to the stand, and group themselves around it, in a position to overlook the race-course, and through the wide windows are seen the sparkling eyes and powdered locks, and diamonds and gay silk and velvet dresses of those fair dames who lent such richness and picturesque beauty to the old days, dead now so long ago in the fair past. The fine-looking old planters, too, are decked in their holiday suits, their powdered hair is tied into queues behind with neat black ribbon, and they descend and mingle with their neighbors, and discuss the coming festival.

Gay youths in rich brilliant dress, caracole up to the carriages on fiery steeds, to display their horsemanship, and exchange compliments with their friends, and make pretty speeches, which are received by the bright-eyed damsels with little ogles and flirts of their variegated fans and rapturous delight.

. . . There are gay parties of the yeomen and their wives and daughters, in carry-alls and wagons filled with straw, upon which chairs are placed. There are rollicking fast men . . . who whirl in, in their curricles . . . There are horsemen who lean forward, horsemen who lean back; furious, excited horsemen, urging their steeds with whip and spur; cool, quiet horsemen who ride erect and slowly; there are, besides, pedestrians of every class and appearance, old and young, male and female, black and white—all going to the races.

Thus he takes the quaint phases of the old life, of the Virginia life when it was in its bloom, when Washington, Jefferson, Patrick Henry, the Randolphs, the Lees, and a host of others whose names are household words, lived and wrought for the nation. True to nature, as he saw it, he is picturesque at all times.

Whether he is always true to life is an open question; for the stricture is too frequently true of him, as of those he unconsciously imitated, that "wizards, gloomy barons, French dancing masters, fair young maidens, lamias, Christian big-Injuns, savage half-breeds, secret panels, mysterious packages, thunder, duelling, and desperation are thrown into the cauldron, stirred with a pen, and sauced with genuine love for the grand old Blue Ridge and romantic Massamutten." That he does love wild scenes cannot be denied; the healthy blood of a new race is in him. Yet the spirit that rushes and swirls in many of his narratives is higher than that of mere violence. Thus in "The Virginia Bohemians," the description of a fight with the moonshiners has a dramatic quality that mere bombast and sensationalism can never impart. The moonshiners have barricaded themselves in a narrow mountain-pass; the militia have found them:

"Halt!" the lieutenant's voice was heard shouting, as he whirled his light saber. "Form column in rear!—I'll soon attend to this."

The men stopped and fell into column again, just beyond range of the fire of the barricade.

"Dismount and deploy skirmishers! Advance on both flanks and in front! I'll be in the centre."

. . . Then, at the ringing "Forward" . . . they closed in steadily, firing as they did so on the barricade.

. . . Nature was pitiless and serene; the red crowns were rising peacefully from the summits of the trees; a crow was winging his way toward the summit on slow wings; it was a scene to soothe dying eyes if the light needs must disappear from them.

In ten minutes it had disappeared from more than one on both sides . . . The crack of the sharp-shooters was answered from behind the barricade,

and the gorge was full of smoke and shouts as the assailants closed in . . . In the shadowy gorge the figures were only half seen as the light faded, and the long thunder of the carbines and shouting rolled through the mountain, awaking lugubrious echoes in the mysterious depths.

However weak in some respects Cooke may be, he is an admirable character-builder. In his earlier work he was in full sympathy with Cooper and Simms in that he had great admiration for the "natural" man. In his first volume, "Leather Stocking and Silk" (1854) the leading figure is Hunter John Myers, a hugh, rough, yet wholesome and pure man, uncultured but admirable in strength and manliness. But he does not fail to see the beauty of which the cultured soul is capable, and therein, especially in his portrayal of the gentle yet courageous spirit of woman, he far surpasses Cooper. Few indeed are the female characters in American fiction more lovable and more touchingly pictured than Beatrice Hallam, the actress, in "Virginia Comedians." For another instance of this mingling of strength and elegance, the strongest of all his characters, Henry St. John, is worthy of praise. Using large canvas for his portrayals of society, the characters that he creates are distinct, vivid and intensely living.

His faults, it has been hinted, are plain. He too often lapses into sentimentality; he sometimes mistakes bravado for bravery; he is tainted with sensationalism; he is often too romantic; he does not at all times face squarely the sterner phases of life; he is frequently in haste; he forgets, in his interest in the tale, the demands of art. And, in spite of it all, his work is good. The words of praise bestowed upon "Virginia Comedians" might be applied most justly to others of his many volumes: "The whole book is redolent of youth and poetic susceptibility to the beauties of nature, the charms of women, and the quick movement of life." He is ever cheerful; hope never leaves him. Even in "Surry of Eagle's Nest," written in 1866, when the South was one vast field of wretchedness and despair, there is the same strong call for courage and a belief in a future victory. Such a writer could not have come at a more needful time.

Why, then, has his fame diminished? The question is answered in his own words: "Mr. Howells and the other realists have crowded me out of the popular regard as a novelist, and

have brought the kind of fiction I write into general disfavor. I do not complain of that, for they are right. They see, as I do, that fiction should faithfully reflect life, and they obey the law, while I was born too soon and am now too old to learn my trade anew. But in literature, as in everything else, advance should be the law, and he who stands still has no right to complain if he is left behind." Such indeed is the cause of his neglect. He was essentially a romanticist, not a realist. He did not write to prove theories; he was simply a teller of stories. Unlike the later fiction, his tales do not blindly follow where a merciless destiny leads them; for he at all times considers it best that his characters should "live happy ever afterwards."

Perhaps if the *people* were asked, it would be found that the human heart still hungers for such a story. Perhaps they would say with Burne-Jones: "Don't lend me any sad stories—no, not if they are masterpieces. I cannot afford to be made unhappy . . . There would be a beautiful woman in it—all that is best in woman, and she would be miserable and love some trumpery frip (as they do) and die of finding out that she had been a fool—and it would be beautifully written and full of nature and just like life, and I couldn't bear it. These books are written for the hardhearted, to melt them into a softer mood for once before they congeal again—as much music is written—not for poets but for stockjobbers, to wring iron tears from them for once; that is the use of sorrowful art, to penetrate the thick hide of the obtuse . . . Look! tell me it ends well and the two lovers marry and are happy ever afterwards, and I'll read it gratefully."

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SHAKESPEARE AS A HERO*

The past season has been witnessing a revival of classical and sacred themes in drama. Scarcely has the novelty of Sudermann's "Johannes der Täufer," and Stephen Phillips's "Herod," "Paolo and Francesca," and "Ulysses" worn off when the reading public is presented with dramatized versions of Scriptural narrative drawn chiefly from the Old Testament. Thus during the past season alone we have been enriched with George Cabot Lodge's "Cain," G. Constant Lounsbury's "Delilah," Lewis A. Storrs's "Saul," Florence Wilkinson's "David of Bethlehem" and "Mary Magdalen," and T. B. Aldrich's "Judith of Bethulia." And to vary, as it were, the method of presentation Professor Gayley comes forward with the results of his excursus into the Towneley, Coventry, and Chester cycles and presents us the composite "Star of Bethlehem."

The inference produced by this array is that the Bible, especially the Old Testament, is not waning in popularity as a source of inspiration for literary production. It will be observed that in the enumeration here given no attempt is made to go further than the English language. A more widely representative list would doubtless confirm the impression first made. An instance of the traditional popularity of one Old Testament subject may be cited. Down to the publication of Cowley's "Davideis" in 1638, the career of David alone had furnished themes for not fewer than fifty-seven dramas.¹

As M. Brunetière has aptly remarked concerning Sudermann's "Johannes der Täufer," the author of a drama on a well-known Scriptural theme usually labors under the disadvantage of having his subject-matter, and it may be even his language, determined for him in advance. From this viewpoint it is obvious that the author of a drama on 'Cain' can work with much greater freedom than one dealing with 'John the Baptist' or 'Mary Magdalen.' It is similarly clear that a classic theme like 'Ulysses'

* William Shakespeare: *Pedagogue and Poacher*. A drama by Richard Garnett. London and New York, John Lane, 1905.

¹J. M. McBryde, *A Study of Cowley's Davideis* (Johns Hopkins Dissertation.), pp. 16-23.

or 'Paolo and Francesca' trammels the author less than a theme like 'David of Bethlehem' or 'Saul of Tarsus.' About themes which are household words and which are the center of hallowed traditions, the people are ever solicitous and will not tolerate any alterations in the existent conceptions of their cherished idols.

It is this quality of universality that causes the theme 'Shakespeare' to approach more nearly to the sacred, in the respect just mentioned, than to the purely classic. In just so much as Dr. Garnett's theme appears familiar to the general public, to that extent is his treatment circumscribed and his task rendered difficult. If he departs from the traditions,³ he is viewed as an iconoclast: if his procedure is orthodox throughout, he runs the risk of being accused of tameness and insipidity.

The scene of the play, which is in two acts, is in Stratford and the immediate neighborhood. The time is March, 1585. The play opens with a tripartite colloquy between Lady Lucy, Sir Thomas, and Moles, his forester and rat-catcher, in which it is made known that the game preserves of Sir Thomas have been poached. In reply to Sir Thomas's query as to the offenders, Moles enumerates a long list of names closing with an especial designation of Shakespeare. He had been previously instigated to make this last accusation by Lady Lucy, from motives at first not revealed. At the mention of Shakespeare's name, Lady Lucy assumes a disguise of professed antipathy which Sir Thomas quickly penetrates. There is no pretense, however, in her dislike for Ann Shakespeare whom she terms

A faded creature infelicitous!
Nimble and strenuous of tongue, I grant;
Rueing her lot and cursed in her conditions;
Moth, acid, rust to all that others joy in;
A withered apple, only good to pelt with.

The reply of Sir Thomas,

Lady, this blast that storms against the wife
Argues the husband high in your esteem,

³Though cast in a different form, Landor's "Citation" is perhaps the most noteworthy attempt to reproduce in literature the deer-stealing episode.

indicates a motive that recurs in varying forms to the end of the drama. The jealousy of Lady Lucy is again revealed in the same dialogue when, with sharp feminine malice, she thus tells the story of Shakespeare's marriage.

This mirror of the maidenhood of Stratford,
This wan ungathered rose, this vestal ogress,
Sets cap and trap for Shakespeare; he is caught,
And frequent seeks her cot past toll of curfew.
There rapture reigns, till, one autumnal even,
Sudden the chamber swarms with angry brothers,
And cousins in a most excited state.
Poor Shakespeare hangs his head, a manifest villain,
And creeps like snail unwillingly to church,
Wishing his godsire in his infancy
Had brought him to the gallows, not the font.
And ill continues what was ill begun.
The crab upon the peach so crossly grafted
Grows none the sweeter, and the course of wedlock
Runneth no smoother than the course of love.

Of all those who are associated with Shakespeare in Stratford it is only Lady Lucy who discerns his extraordinary genius. The scene is developed by a plot on the part of Sir Thomas and Moles to entrap Shakespeare while he is poaching, and closes with a soliloquy of Lady Lucy in which she makes known her affection for Shakespeare and reveals, as her motive for abetting the plotters, the desire that he be sent away to find an environment better suited to the development of his poetic gifts. The second scene represents Shakespeare instructing his six scholars in the schoolroom at Stratford. From the first there is evinced an unusual degree of intimacy and freedom of intercourse between the boys and their master, which the subsequent development of the play shows to be based on genuine reciprocal affection. It is also unmistakable that the boys' liking for their teacher is largely due to his propensity to discard much of their 'classical curriculum' for

tales

Of dwarfs and giants, magic swords and rings,
Paladins, princely captives, mermaids, ghosts
Freighted with airs from heaven or blasts from hell,
Saracens, dragons, necromancers, fairies
That on the beached margent of the sea
Do dance their ringlets to the whistling wind!

and to the fact of his having endeared himself to them

By wonderous feats at leapfrog, blindman's buff,
By raisins, almonds, ginger, sugarplums.

His announcement to them of his purpose to go to London to become a 'play-actor' is received with regret, which is mollified, however, by his welcome proposal that they join him in stalking deer that very night.

It is the third scene of this act that gives us the first glance into the inner domestic relations of Shakespeare and his wife. In the darkness of the early night, Ann ever suspicious of possible improper conduct, waits at the end of the garden to her cottage for William to steal forth.

SHAKESPEARE.

[*comes down the path, singing softly*].
A fox went out on a shiny night,
And he asked the moon to lend him light.

ANN SHAKESPEARE.

The fox I know, but fain would see the chicken.
Young, tender, toothsome she, I'll warrant her.

But the over-jealous Ann is mistaken. It is not upon *amours*, but upon deer-stalking, that Shakespeare is bent. However, he, with a man's prerogative, refuses to tell her his purpose and stands looking on, singing, while Ann searches the garden. (This on the stage would probably be one of the most effective parts of the play). Provoked at the fruitlessness of her search, Ann upbraids William with spiriting his mistress away by sorcery and in the bickering that follows the mention of Lady Lucy's name, Shakespeare says

Ye both played for me,
Thou in dire earnest, she as for a counter:
And thou had'st wit to triumph in the game,
But not the wisdom well to ward thy winnings.

His declaration to her of his purpose to go to London causes Ann to exclaim

Leaving me
Penurious toil and doles of grudging kindred!
Of this thou reckest nothing, but may'st yet
Think of thy children.

SHAKESPEARE.

Thou dost touch me nearly.
Therein indeed I wander with a wound.
Yet better far that they should lack a sire

Than that the first sound sped to tender ears,
Which nought should taste but honeyed syllables,
Should be the hateful clash of parents' jarring.
So I withdraw me and await occasion
Of reappearance like the sudden beam
Of heaven's light shed around them. Think not, Anna,
I do abandon thee. The tie of Love
Is ruptured, rather say 'twas never knit;
The tie of duty holds . . .

ANN.

When see I thee again?

SHAKESPEARE.

What time my winnings
Suffice to buy me the best house in Stratford;
With all the desirable appendages
Of gardens and commodious outbuildings.

Ann's anger mounts to fury when Shakespeare tells her that she herself will be the means of making "this moonshine gold" since she has furnished him with the conception of a merry jape, "The Taming of a Shrew," which shall pave his road to reputation. His disclaimer that he did not portray Ann in the character of the shrew fails to appease her and she rushes into the house, returning with a red-hot iron. But in the meantime Shakespeare has taken the crossbows from the hollow of a tree and departed.

The short concluding scene of this act reveals the six timorous scholars awaiting their master in Sir Thomas Lucy's woods. When the belated Shakespeare arrives, he distributes the crossbows and they move cautiously along tracking the deer in the dim moonlight. Suddenly Moles and a party of foresters, appearing, seize the youthful poachers, while Shakespeare utters the apocalyptic exclamation (taken from Marlowe's "Faustus"):

Cut is the branch that might have grown full straight,
And burned is Apollo's laurel bough.

[*The curtain falls.*

In the opening scene of the second act the author attempts to portray in the manner of Shakespeare the humorous situation in which the clerk of the Stratford court instructs five fathers and a mother how best to conduct themselves during the impending trial.

The second scene is also preparatory to the one to follow but fits more integrally into the play. Sir Thomas Lucy, who is

both plaintiff and judge, is holding a soliloquy in his private room in the court-house. He has already determined

To bench him squarely with a mind made up,
and is asserting with firm resolution

My foe is at my feet, there shall he lie,
Though all the angels swore his alibi;

when a knocking is heard at the door and Lady Lucy enters. Knowing that Sir Thomas is accustomed in criminal trials to determine the sentence in advance, she comes to petition that Shakespeare be banished rather than whipped or imprisoned. But the request from its nature excites his jealousy and causes him to deny the boon, whereupon Lady Lucy proceeds to make threats. At this troubled juncture Ann presents herself. Sir Thomas divining that she comes to entreat pardon for her spouse, seeks to anticipate her request. But Ann denies that such is her errand, preferring instead the following remarkable petition:

Pardon I pray not then, but penalty
Conducive to his reformation;
Like lightning, sanctifying where it strikes.
And in my poor conceit, the lash, applied
By loving spirits wielding arms of flesh,
Best scared this poaching devil out of him.

On being reproached by both Lady Lucy and Sir Thomas, Ann rejoins that the thought of her poor children and the necessity of providing food for them was the reason for her request that William be whipped rather than imprisoned. The continued advocacy of this unrefined method of punishment brings her naturally into conflict with Lady Lucy; nor is the presence of Sir Thomas sufficient to repress their mutual recrimination. To his relief, an attendant enters and announces that the court expects its magistrate.

The scene is transferred to the court-house where the handcuffed Shakespeare in the presence of the public, the accused children and their parents, and the court officials awaits Sir Thomas's judgment. A plea of guilty is entered but, in extenuation of his crime, Shakespeare delivers a long address accusing Sir Thomas of having devoured the commons, ravaged the crops, and barred the paths to make parks and warrens, adding

Now, did I tell this populace I took
Thy deer for public cause, they would acclaim me,
Shakespeare, the Robin Hood of Warwickshire.
I shall not tell them, 'twere but half the truth.
I am the people's poet, not their tribune.
Sport pointed me the way with beechen spear,
And Youth, too young to know what conscience is.

At Sir Thomas's command, Ann testifies to Shakespeare's character, averring

A good youth were he, were he not a poet,
And were we not too nearly of an age,
As to the Court is plainly visible.

It is with a purpose that Sir Thomas again asks her what chastisement she deems most meet and receives again the reply, the lash. Lady Lucy continuing to advocate banishment, Sir Thomas determines on all three penalties—whipping, imprisonment, and exile for three years. The constable hesitates to lay hands on Shakespeare for the purpose of leading him away, fearing that he has a familiar spirit; but at this moment a messenger arrives from the Queen to make requisition for Shakespeare. His travel-stained horseman's cloak prevents him from being recognized and as a consequence Sir Thomas is led to reprove him for his freedom of address, whereupon the stranger throws aside the cloak and reveals the Earl of Leicester. By virtue of superior commission he annuls the sentence and quashes the indictment, amid the applause of the public. After an explanation of this extraordinary procedure is made to Sir Thomas, an excellent bit of colloquy takes place between Leicester and Shakespeare:

LEICESTER.

Deer-killing came in with the Conqueror.
Hast any record of thy lineage?

SHAKESPEARE.

An ancestor of mine, so please your Lordship,
In our third Henry's reign, was high exalted.

[*Aside.*] Upon the gallows.

LEICESTER.

Like lot shall be thine.

SHAKESPEARE.

[*Aside.*] The Lord forbid!

LEICESTER.

If thou do justify
Opinion by her Majesty conceived

Of thy facetious wit and parts. She hath heard
 A little toy of thine, a comedy
 ('Tis called, I think, The Taming of a Shrew)
 Read by a maid of honour, thereunto
 Moved, as I gather, by one Master Field,
 Late of this town, who further doth attest
 Actor and bard met happily in thee.
 Nought now will serve but thou must post to Court.

The feud between Shakespeare and Sir Thomas is appeased by the former's promise to stand a friend to Sir Thomas at court on condition that he unclosethe the path stopped last Christmas and that, with the Earl's consent, the period of banishment be extended to ten years. Shakespeare brings his desolate wife and children to the notice of Leicester, who commends them to the care of Sir Thomas, admonishing him to "bestow rather excess than insufficiency." At the conclusion of the leave-taking between Shakespeare and Ann, the play is brought abruptly to an end by an attendant—in this case indeed a *deus ex machine*—who enters and whispers to Leicester. Leicester at once calls "To horse! To horse!" and departs in company with Shakespeare. The curtain falls.

The inadequate motivization for this closing *coup* constitutes a weakness. Leicester's haste is obvious from the time of his arrival, but the reason assigned by him for it is that he must hie with Shakespeare to Kenilworth and thence to London where royal favor awaits them. The abrupt call to horse, as though he were beset by enemies, suggests that the dreaded Armada is at last at England's doors and that Leicester has been summoned to the defense of the realm. But, since scarcely two minutes before, the war with Spain is spoken of as still being far in the future, it is probable that the author had in mind Leicester's concern lest his absence from court might endanger his position with the Queen.

Although the action is supposed to occur in March, 1585, the author's knowledge of events subsequent to that time leads him to transfer this knowledge to his characters, whence a spirit of prophecy unusual and almost incongruous. Such for instance is Shakespeare's declaration to Ann (p. 50):

And I will seek a manly soul, and wear him
 In my heart's core, even in my heart of hearts.

And in high verse I will eternize him,
Blazoning his beauty forth, his name concealing
To set the wide world wondering who he was,
And sharp debate shall drain the inky stands
Of sage and scholar labouring to divine
If worth it was of his, or wit of mine.

or most remarkable of all, the question of one of Shakespeare's scholars,

Dear master, did you ever kill a pig?

and the clairvoyant reply:

Aye, boy, and thou dost mind me that, when once
A daughter of swart Egypt scanned my palm,
This was the sibyl's rede. Beware of bacon.
Dark speech! which the far future shall unriddle.

In passages such as these Dr. Garnett has clearly gone too far. The verisimilitude of the portrayal is of course spoiled when it becomes obvious that the persons have a knowledge of future events.

The same objection may be brought to putting into the speech of the leading characters quotations from Shakespeare's works written years after the time in which this play is set. There are no fewer than seven instances of such citations of passages ranging from one to two lines in length. The two lines quoted above upon Shakespeare's arrest are from the description of Faust at the close of Marlowe's play. In the case of the line (p. 18) virtually quoted from Gray's *Elegy*,

Pouring upon the brook that babbled by,
the anachronism is all the greater.

The author's taste may also be questioned in causing Shakespeare to mention his wife's name in the following colloquy with his boys.

SHAKESPEARE.

The hour sounds for our parting.

THE SCHOLARS.

Parting, Master?

SHAKESPEARE.

Yes, boys, I must to London: part by choice,
Compulsion part: yet be my Ann unchided, etc.

There is a doubtful propriety in these words when addressed to his school-boys, even though it be granted that Shakespeare's differences with Ann were the common talk of the village.

But most of these defects seem trivial in comparison with the larger unities and the numerous undoubted excellences of the play, which the foregoing quotations have served to illustrate. One point of general criticism however suggests itself. The unbiased student taking up a drama entitled "William Shakespeare" might well expect to find the speeches assigned to that character pitched in a strain of loftier language, more sustained eloquence than that attained by ordinary characters in pentameter verse. The author of such sustained passages of impassioned eloquence as Hamlet's soliloquy, Othello's defense, Clarence's dream, Portia's plea for mercy, and Titania's complaint to Oberon, to cite only a few, would, when his own vital interests were at stake, have expressed his passionate earnestness in speech more exalted than Dr. Garnett here allots to him. Whatever his matter may be, his manner should be distinctive. This distinction of manner, combined with a magnetic presence, would then be sufficient to explain the not too apparent reason why Lady Lucy was able to discern his extraordinary poetic genius and foresee in a measure the inheritance that awaited him.

J. D. RODEFFER.

The Library of Congress, Washington.

REVIEWS

PICTURES OF ELIZABETH AND HER TIME

THE QUEEN'S PROGRESS AND OTHER ELIZABETHAN SKETCHES. By Felix E. Schelling. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Company. 1904.

"The following sketches—for they claim to be no more—are some of the lighter matters that have floated on a stream of reading and study which has already carried, let it be hoped, a somewhat weightier freight. It is one thing to taste the charm and flavor of an age; it is another to convey it. The days of Elizabeth and James were nothing if not multiform. Their trivialities even have their place, and their power to complete the picture whether historical or literary: a power not always apprehended in view of the number and variety of the important figures that crowd the spacious canvas of that incomparable time."

These are the author's own introductory words. After reading these delightful little essays through, one might have some hesitancy in calling them sketches; but that they are in truth—delicate miniatures done in water, rich in the glowing color and mellow with the time-softened atmosphere of that glorious age in which Shakespeare breathed and sang. Even when one realizes that there is no pretension to profundity, to discovery, or to invention, and that only freshness and direct simple portrayal of some of the less familiar subjects of that good age are to be expected from this volume, one who really loves the history and literature of the Elizabethan times must be on his guard lest he allow himself to be led into too extravagant words of praise as he contemplates and enjoys the pictures here presented.

Not only has the author of these sketches felt the charm and known the flavor of the age, but he has succeeded admirably in conveying it. He has not exploited himself, his individual tastes, his personal opinions and his private theories, but has given us a series of purely objective studies, veiling himself behind the scenes which he depicts. Not once in the book does the pronoun of the first person appear; and yet one is aware of the

presence and guidance of a delightful and gifted personality and a mind delicately sensitive to the slightest manifestations of the poetic spirit which was so widely disseminated in the age of which he treats. Professor Schelling possesses a rare gift of discrimination and a sure taste in selection, so that he moves about in the luxuriant growths of these Elizabethan fields and with unerring precision picks the flowers of poetic beauty and lays his hand on the fruit of fact or historic detail.

One feels, after reading the essay which gives the volume its title, that he knows in a more personal and intimate way the haughty Queen. Elizabeth the monarch has become Elizabeth the woman — with all a woman's love for social success and polite compliment, not to say gross flattery. The picture is not altogether to the Queen's advantage. Her unreasonable temper, her vanity, her mendacity, her mastery of deceit and subterfuge, her meanness in money matters, her scheming visits whereby she might live at the expense of the favorites on whom she put herself and her retinue — all this makes no lovely picture. But there was something of the eternal womanly about the brilliant and accomplished Queen which attracted and held the high and choice spirits of the age as her most faithful supporters.

An Elizabethan will forms the nucleus of the second sketch and affords a suggestion for an excursion into the domestic life of the times ; and this leads naturally to a consideration of the type represented in the gentleman fortune-seeker who marries the rich widow and spends the fortune, and of the money-making merchant who amassed it in the first instance. In the former no less a person than the poet and prose writer and gallant soldier George Gascoigne is depicted.

We hear of the marvelous vicissitudes of Thomas Stucley, gentleman-adventurer, in the next sketch. This widely-known personage has not heretofore received the attention that is his due, considering the power he exercised at the various courts of Europe during his wonderfully interesting career. "An Old-Time Friendship" introduces us into the charming company of Fulke Greville, known as Lord Brooke, and Sir Philip Sidney, the knight *sans peur et sans reproche*. The appropriate title of the essay treating of the children who took such prominent part

in many of the plays, the most difficult ones too, of the age, is quoted from a well-known passage in *Hamlet*—"An aery of children, little eyases." It is a delightful study. The pathetic story of Robert Greene's checkered career is the theme of the sketch bearing the title of the well-known pamphlet, "*A Groatsworth of Wit*," in which Shakespeare was attacked as "an upstart crow," this being the first reference to the poet in contemporary literature.

"*Plays in the Making*" presents the practical side of the playwright's life and labors. In two typical examples we have a striking contrast. On the one hand, the struggles of the literary hack, always in debt to a hard taskmaster, often in want and frequently in prison for lack of funds, as in the pathetic case of the sweet-souled Thomas Dekker, who spent his life in bondage to Phillip Henslowe, the hard, astute, yet illiterate theatrical manager whose so-called "*Diary*" is the source of so much of our information in regard to plays, players, play-houses and play-makers; and on the other hand, the successful career of an actor-playwright and part owner in the most noted company of the day, one who amassed a fortune which enabled him to return after a few years to the retirement and peace of no less renowned a place than Stratford-on-Avon, his birthplace and early home.

The chapter devoted to the musical collections of the age and the lyrics set to music is charmingly introduced with Richard Barnfield's noble sonnet "*When music and sweet poetry agree.*" Like Lanier, in whose lectures recently published under the title "*Shakespeare and his Forerunners*," a section is given up to this very topic, Professor Schelling is by temperament and training eminently fitted to write on the union of music and poetry. After treating the various forms of musical expression popular in that day we are regaled with brief sketches of some of the most noted singers and musicians of the time. Among them Thomas Campion is taken as an example of one in whose work we have the sister arts of poetry and sweet music "*fittingly and indissolubly wedded.*" I cannot refrain from giving at least one paragraph of Professor Schelling's happy vein of criticism.

"The poetry of Campion is saturated with Catullus and it shares in the Roman poet's sweetness, sensuousness and melli-

fluous flow of musical words. Campion is not wholly a poet of love, although he lavishes on Venus's altars his richest and loveliest fruits. There is a purity and simple childlike fervor, a genuine singing quality and happy mastery of phrase in the more serious of his songs that raise Campion measurably above the chorus of amourists and dainty gilded sonneteers who rise and fall in a singing swarm among the salallows of the Elizabethan garden of Love."

The final chapters are devoted to "Thalia in Oxford," and "A Journey to the North." The walking tours of Ben Jonson and John Taylor, the water-poet, through Scotland are paralleled in the last of these sketches.

A final word must be said of the typographical excellence of the volume. With the half-dozen beautiful etchings, the quaint old head-piece decorations, and the excellent type and broad margins, and the suggestive catchwords at the bottom of each page after the Elizabethan fashion, we have a book that is in itself a thing of beauty. Let us be thankful that the time has come when American publishers find it to their profit to put out such attractive specimens of book-making.

L. W. PAYNE.

Philadelphia, Pa.

APROPOS THE TERCENTENARY OF CERVANTES

LIFE OF CERVANTES. By Albert F. Calvert. London and New York: John Lane, The Bodley Head. 1905.

On picking up this "Life of Cervantes," one is immediately impressed with the boldness displayed on the title page, where this meagre booklet is referred to, in large red type, as "The Tercentenary Edition." But this matter of taste might be pardoned, if the book were of such a character that one might reasonably hope, with the author, that it might find "an unoccupied niche in the broad gallery of Cervantist literature." In a mere essay of less than a hundred pages, however, the author has given us a life of Cervantes that is in no respect so readable a book as the scholarly life of the immortal author of *Don Quixote* by Fitzmaurice-Kelly, to whose conclusions on debatable

questions greater heed should have been given; and, in the occasional statements that betray a lack of acquaintance with the larger field of Spanish literature and the influence of those who have made it on the foreign literatures, he calls into question the value of those concerning Cervantes. In his desire to exalt Cervantes, he has done it by ignoring Calderon and belittling Lope, which no student of Spanish literature can pardon; and this, too, when Fitzmaurice-Kelly, whose "wholesome sanity" he has praised, has tried to guard all *Cervantistas* from an attack of *lues boswelliana*. Moreover, the little book is not free from typographical errors and inconsistencies.

As an essay of appreciation the book may be read with interest and even profit. It has movement and sequence and flashes of sustained narrative and clever condensation of particular episodes in Cervantes life, e. g., that of his captivity at Algiers.

The notable feature of the book, a really delightful addition, is the frequent use of illustrations from the various editions of *Don Quijote* and title pages of early editions of Cervantes' works. We regret in this connection that one was not included from the Stuttgart edition of 1837 with illustrations by Johannot. The "Repertoire of Documents" is of interest. In a book of this scope and character however, there is no place for such an extended Bibliography.

GLEN LEVIN SWIGGETT.

The University of the South.

GREAT ENGLISHMEN OF THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY

GREAT ENGLISHMEN OF THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY. By Sidney Lee.
New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1904.

In the spring of 1903, Sidney Lee, a collaborator with Leslie Stephen and later sole editor of the monumental "Dictionary of National Biography," delivered a course of eight lectures at the Lowell Institute in Boston. Those lectures are now in substance

presented in a volume of sixteenth century studies, containing eight chapters, six of which are biographical. The six great Englishmen selected to illustrate the sixteenth century are Sir Thomas More, Sir Phillip Sidney, Sir Walter Raleigh, Edmund Spenser, Francis Bacon and Shakespeare. The author had contributed to the Dictionary of Biography lives of More, Sidney and Shakespeare, and had collaborated with others in the biographies of Raleigh and Spenser. Thus is accounted for, to some extent, the selection of these five, while the addition of Bacon to the list, without seeking to extend it to include statesmen like Wolsey, theologians like Hooker, scientists like Napier or men of action like Drake, needs no apology. The presentation of a biography of Bacon in juxtaposition with that of Shakespeare, may serve to dispel, as the author hopes, "the hallucination which would confuse the achievements of the one with those of the other." Naturally the biography of Shakespeare is briefest of the six, and no attempt is made to add anything to the meager facts in the possession of the world regarding the career of this wonderful personage. On the other hand the author declares that the obscurity with which Shakespeare's biography has long been credited is greatly exaggerated and that the mere biographical information accessible is far more definite and more abundant than that concerning any other dramatist of the day. The concluding essay on the "Foreign Influences on Shakespeare," is a distinct contribution to the literature of the subject of Shakespeare's work. These lectures originally prepared to be heard, and then transformed that they might be read, are more than mere biographies. They present the careers of the six great men in such manner as to illustrate what is set forth in the introductory essay upon "The Spirit of the Sixteenth Century." The several essays are furnished with bibliographical notes for the assistance of those who would pursue further studies. The chronological table gives the leading events in the history of culture, rather than political events, from Caxton's introduction of printing into England to the death of Bacon in 1626. The illustrations of the book are six portraits already familiar to most readers.

ARTHUR H. NOLL

MR. PAGE'S BOOK ON THE NEGRO

THE NEGRO: THE SOUTHERNER'S PROBLEM. By Thomas Nelson Page.
New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1904.

One takes up a book on the subject of the Negro with a good deal of hesitation, there has been so much dreary stuff written about it; but Mr. Page's book strikes one as being eminently a calm presentation and a sane production and a notable contribution. That it satisfies and answers the many questions were too much to hope; but it is suggestive and even illuminating at points, and is evidently intended to be both frank in spirit and patriotic in purpose.

As the title would indicate, Mr. Page is avowedly writing from the historical point of view of the Southerner. The misunderstandings on the subject, he believes, come largely from ignorance, and one might add, often also from prejudice. He has the race instinct and believes in it, and to get Mr. Page's point of view, one has to understand and accept the matter of race pride, otherwise the appeal is in vain. He believes in the supremacy of the white race as race—in character, constancy, intellect, and the domestic virtues. But he also believes as a citizen and a Christian, in the duties of one race to the other, of one man towards his fellow man. The problem will have to work itself out by economic laws and with enlightened patriotism. Not amalgamation, not deportation is his conclusion, but the two races remaining distinct, each developing under conditions with substantial justice to both. Perhaps he is too optimistic; but one can hardly doubt that he is patriotic.

Good feeling is displayed throughout. Each race should struggle against its own failing: the negro against assaults, the white against lynchings. Education is a necessity: as a citizen the negro must be improved, not debased or permitted to stand still. All members of the race should have elementary and industrial education; higher education should be for those alone capable of justifying it. Industrial education would tend to make them self-reliant and give them self-respect. In 1865, ninety-five per cent. of the labor of the South was done by the negroes as artisans and mechanics; now much of this advantage

has become lost. Principal Booker Washington's methods would bring the race back to this industrial position.

Mr. Page recognizes frankly the mistakes of the Reconstruction period in giving at once universal suffrage. He argues for disfranchisement as better for both races; but he is against the abolition of the fifteenth amendment. The tests for citizenship should be impartially applied to both races. The black man, like the white man, must learn that he has to develop individually. Negroes must distinguish between negro and negro, a good man and a bad man, just as whites distinguish between white and white.

One knowing the Old South as the author of "Marse Chan" must pay a tribute to the old time negro. In these reminiscences Mr. Page is always happy. He tells of the war, his father and his body-servants, and deplores the change in cordial relationship that has come between the races; for the undoubted estrangement is a misfortune. A paper reprinted from Mr. Page's volume of twelve years before, "The Old South," while inserted for completeness, is an artistic blemish. It repeats somewhat and in contrast with the rest shows its age. The new papers are far fresher and more pertinent. There is an interesting Appendix on Southern Taxation and Education accompanied with tables of illiteracy in the Southern States.

EDITORIALS

The present number marks the fiftieth appearance of THE SEWANEE REVIEW—thirty-one issues under the editorial supervision of Professor Trent and nineteen under the present editor. With the completion of the tenth volume the editor indulged in a retrospective glance; and the two and a half years since have but emphasized the points then taken as to the office and service of the REVIEW.

But the SEWANEE's title to respect, however just, is small when compared with the splendid services to American scholarship by Professor Gildersleeve and the *American Journal of Philology* which has just completed its one hundredth number under the one editor. In the "Brief Mention"—always delightful and wholly characteristic—the editor gives a brief survey of the twenty-five years of the *Journal* and admits that he ends the period in a cheerier mood than he began. No other American scholar could so well, if at all, have carried this work through this period of time; and though many hours of these twenty-five years, which could have produced other books, must have passed into editorial work, yet the scholarly guidance and inspiration and criticism of a great teacher and commentator, which have made themselves felt, are surely as well worth while as adding a few more volumes to the shelf.

Another hundredth anniversary is one of years on the part of the South Carolina College, which celebrated the Centennial of her opening on January 10. Two of the early founders and supporters of the University of the South at Sewanee were graduates of the South Carolina College—Stephen Elliott and Alexander Gregg—and there have been other cordial relations between the two institutions. The South Carolina College was fortunate in having her history written in a spacious volume by a former member of her faculty, Dr. Laborde; and doubtless it was only the untimely death of Professor Means Davis that prevented this history from being formally brought down to the Centennial year. The history of the College has been singular-

ly parallel with that of the State, and at this Celebration reminiscencies were evoked in many stirring speeches, in which, interestingly enough, there was not a single public reference to the Confederacy and the "Lost Cause." The emphasis was everywhere laid upon State education and the State relationship and service; and the very just desire was prevalent that the "College" in name should be transformed into a "University" both in name and in fact. Particularly the fine roll-call of Governors and Judges and the State's statesmen educated within her walls was enumerated. But the South Carolina College has done more — a wider work than this last — which was in a measure overlooked. The State of South Carolina has notably furnished to the nation a number of gifted literary men, scholars and scientists — Dr. Gildersleeve, whom we have already mentioned, himself, being among these. And of these the South Carolina College has graduated her reasonable quota, and performed a service for herself and the whole country. In her faculty have been Thomas Cooper and Francis Lieber and James H. Thornwell and others. The two greatest personal enthusiasms and ovations at the Celebration were aroused by two venerable scholars — through the presence of Dr. James Woodrow, a former professor and president, and in the mention of the name of a graduate, Dr. James H. Carlisle, the State's foremost educator. Taking the younger men, in the decade from 1880 to 1890, a number of bright journalists and writers, educators and scholars, who may be brought into comparison with her legislators of the same period, came from her campus. And in her entire history the College's contributions to education and to literature are well worth as special emphasis as her contributions to politics and to law.

College celebrations are more than frequent, they are numerous; but these circumstances merely emphasize the extent of our country and the generous rivalry, co-operation, and public spirit manifested everywhere. In October President Dabney was formally inaugurated as the head of the University of Cincinnati; in March President Craighead was formally inducted

into office at Tulane; this month on Jefferson's birthday, April 13, President Alderman is being inaugurated as the first formal head of Jefferson's notable foundation, the University of Virginia. Each of these gentlemen, in seeing clearly and emphasizing frankly particular features of work his institution is called to do, is consciously facing great responsibilities and opportunities. An institution ought to have, and when true to itself and the privileges of its environment and conditions, must have as definite a personality as a man. Every successful institution, like every successful man, specializes in the line of its genius and its interests. No institution can be a dragnet for everybody and every whim and caprice, and prosper. It is a wise man that learns the nature of his particular gifts; and it is a great institution that discerns the strongest points in its own work and develops these into a special character, while not neglecting anything reasonable to a fuller and more rounded development, which, however, is always subsidiary to the main character. Even to the ordinary intelligence the mention of the names Harvard, Yale, Columbia, Princeton, Pennsylvania, Johns Hopkins, Cornell, Michigan, connote a set of very definite ideas which are in no two instances alike. And it is a good thing that each of our best institutions, South as East and West, has this favored personality.

The determination on the part of the trustees of the Peabody fund to give a million dollars to the Peabody Normal College in Nashville with accompanying conditions offers a great opportunity for the display of wisdom in using the income of this amount to the best advantage and a corresponding responsibility for its successful discharge. The purpose is for developing further a great Teachers' College for the Southern States. It has been a long felt want; and here is the opportunity for realizing this ideal and filling this want. One may assume that the easy temptation to give the South and Tennessee and the city of Nashville still another "University" will be successfully and promptly withstood. The sum—notable as it is—is not large enough for that; and there is, unquestionably, not room enough for two

"universities" in the same town, one in the east and another in the west end. Indeed, with the example before us of the proposed co-operation, though not union, of Harvard University and the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, it might be well worth making the trial of correlating most of the educational work and interest in the same place, as far as may be, so as to get the greatest momentum available: the College for Teachers; the Carnegie Library; the classical training and certain specializations of Vanderbilt University—each independent in its corporation and work and at the same time each acting in perfect accord and sympathy in a right educational correlation. What good might not thus come to the teachers and the school system of the South, of Tennessee, and even of Nashville!

The Conference on Uniform College Entrance Requirements in English, which met on Washington's Birthday at the Teachers' College in New York City, at least opened the way for some radical changes which may bring with them salutary results. The Conference consisted of twelve delegates, three each from the Associations of Schools and Colleges in the New England States, the Middle States, the North Central States, and the Southern States. Instead of the usual prescribed ten books for reading, forty books were named, representing various periods and sorts of literature and divided into six groups, one or two books to be chosen from each group so as to make up ten. This gives both pupil and teacher a much wider choice in literature. An effort to introduce certain books of the English Bible failed, but a special committee was appointed to consider the matter and report at the next Conference. In the books for study, Shakespeare and Milton were retained because they were regarded as the great poets of English literature. The Milton developed sturdy opposition, which, in time, yielded. In the prose, however, there was again permitted a choice: the selection of Washington and Webster over against Burke and of Carlyle against Macaulay. Doubtless no course of study likely to be agreed upon will be thought ideal; nevertheless the great ad-

vantage of uniformity throughout the country is obvious. Pupils preparing for college whether in Massachusetts or Wisconsin, Texas or Tennessee, can go over similar courses in English and in theory ought to get enough of the same training to be able to enter the Freshman Class of any college in the country. The schools thus become united in one organized educational system for the nation, the Association of each section acting independently but concurrently and in essential agreement.

The German Kaiser, who is always interesting, has proposed an exchange of visits between Professors of the German and the American Universities; and forthwith the University of Pennsylvania presented both the Kaiser and the President of the United States with a Doctor's degree, without intimating, however, a courteous temporary interchange of chairs on the part of these two learned Doctors. This proposed interchange is almost of necessity limited to the large universities with very specialized graduate courses. The professors would enjoy the holiday—it will be a sort of Sabbatical year for them, with the additional opportunity of preaching in some one else's pulpit. It would give some of them the chance of playing the lion, as Professor Barrett Wendell has been doing in France, or as happened to the foreign delegates to the Congress of Arts and Sciences in St. Louis last autumn. The plan would probably do more to educate the professors than the pupils in the respective countries and as such is to be welcomed.

The proceedings of the Conference for Education in the South which met in Birmingham, Alabama, in April, 1904, appeared during the winter, edited by the Secretary, Mr. Edgar Gardner Murphy. This year's meeting, again in April, will be held at Columbia, South Carolina. The proceedings represent a campaign of education in that the greatest benefit resulting is the bringing together of representative men of different sections of our country. The reports from the field by the several Superintendents of Education form probably the most valuable and en-

couraging part of the present document. To bring a half dozen State Superintendents together under one roof to hear each tell his tale, to induce a generous rivalry among them and see each make the best showing he can—this alone is to do a good deal. It is making public education both popular and a source of pride. If the benefits of this movement can only become addressed to the crying needs of the country districts and sparsely settled sections, the real good will be attained. The present pamphlet also contains Bishop Galloway's pronouncement on the negro, and Mr. Walter H. Page's utterance on the effectiveness of the industrially trained man—two noteworthy addresses for any gathering.

NOTES

How rapid a process journalism and modern book-making have become was evidenced by Frederick Palmer's "With Kuroki in Manchuria" (Scribner's), which appeared in the early winter. The narrative abruptly begins with the outbreak of hostilities between Japan and Russia and the departure of the Russian ambassador from Tokyo, tells of the passage of Kuroki's army to Korea, the crossing of the Yalu, the writer's observations and experiences with the army in Manchuria until after the battle of Liaoyang. The book has all the freshness and many of the limitations of the journalist—for the papers were originally sent to *Collier's Weekly*—and there is displayed a keen observation united with shrewd judgment. The Japanese character, the way in which the natives and the people set about doing things, their scientific skill and readiness, their precautions, their quietness, their perennial good-nature, their perseverance, their mastery, are emphasized and have but been confirmed by the events around Port Arthur and Mukden. While others were pining for sensations and complaining of hindrances set in their way, because they were not aware of Japanese intentions and could not forecast the details of far-reaching plans, Mr. Palmer found a plenty to see and to say merely in observing the people and the army. The spirit of the volume is well characterized by its dedication: "To the Japanese infantry, smiling, brave, tireless; and no less to the daring gunners who dragged their guns close to the enemy's line over night, this book written by one who was with you for five months in the field is admiringly dedicated." The illustrations, which bring the scenes of the war very near to us—we seem almost to recognize some of the faces—are from photographs by James H. Hare. Three maps show the actions on the Yalu and around Liaoyang and the routes of march and principal engagements of the four Japanese armies.

Until about the year 1860, Vienna was a mediæval city with fortifications and bastions surrounding it. Then it was suddenly modernized under the Austrian Emperor, Franz Josef I, and

became with its magnificent boulevards, its new buildings, its elaborate system of modern transit,—not to mention other marks of urban development,—one of the most modern of European capitals. Nevertheless much of the old mediæval charm remains, and the city is “rich in all its centuries of incident” on its historical side. Yet Vienna has been hitherto strangely overlooked by those writers who have given special attention to the description of cities. In “Imperial Vienna” (John Lane), A. S. Levetus gives us “An account of its History, Traditions and Arts;” and Erwin Puchinger furnishes more than one hundred and fifty full-page illustrations from sketches in charcoal, pencil, pen and ink and wash drawings. Both author and artist enjoyed exceptional advantages from the invitation of the Emperor to visit the Hofburg and other palaces for purposes of observation and sketching. So full is the book of pictures that it might be mistaken at first glance for an album of views. But the text of Mr. Levetus would by itself be a complete exposition of every phase of life in a beautiful city,—its religious and court ceremonies, its musical and art interests, its literature and its social pleasures.

The ancient epics of the Germanic folk, belonging to the childhood of the race, still retain their hold upon the imaginations of their descendants. The Scandinavian or Northern version of the Siegfried story, which possesses many features of its oldest form, has been told so often—one thinks at once of Wagner’s tetralogy—that the popular form which the story took in more Southern Germany about 1200 has been, at least by English students, less considered. The version of the legend best known to English literature is “Sigurd the Volsung” by the poet William Morris, the translator of Homer’s “Odyssey,” Virgil’s “Æneid” and the Anglo-Saxon “Beowulf.” In “The Nibelungenlied, Translated into Rhymed English Verse in the Metre of the Original” (Henry Holt & Co.), Professor G. H. Needler of the University College, Toronto—a former pupil of Professor Zarncke of Leipzig, the well-known editor and commentator of the poem in the original—places a specially accu-

rate version of the mediæval form easily within reach of the English reader. The need of a new version, in the translator's view, is that none previously done reproduces the exact metrical form of the original; viz., stanzas of four lines rhyming *a a b b*, the first couplet with feminine and the second with masculine endings, also each of the first three lines having six accents while the fourth has an added seventh accent, i. e. has four, instead of three, accents in the closing half line. The translator has noteworthy faithfulness, and the metrical form is one that English verse seems easily capable of reproducing. That it may lack distinction is perhaps unavoidable from the inherent naïveté of the original which the translator retains with remarkable success. The poem is a long one of thirty-nine "adventures," and like all poems of its class contains both mythical and historical elements mingled. It is particularly valuable for the side lights it casts upon the thought and culture of the people who produced it. A long introduction gives the historical background and explains the origin and the stages in the growth of the poem itself.

A series of literary classics in handy form published by the Crowells are very pleasing in both appearance and content. Five late volumes are: "Bell's Songs from the Dramatists," with Introduction by Brander Matthews and an appendix containing later songs; Sheridan's Comedies—"The Rivals" and "The School for Scandal"—also edited by Brander Matthews and dedicated to Austin Dobson as "a poet with the gift of comedy;" "The Essays of Joseph Addison," with an Introduction by Hamilton Wright Mabie; "The Letters of Lord Chesterfield to his Son and his Godson," edited by Charles Welsh; and "The Hundred Best English Poems," selected by Adam L. Gowans. This last attracts at once by the very challenge of its title, and the editor fully conscious of this explains: "I can claim no more than that my attempt to realize this title is an honest one." No poem by a living writer is included and none by an American. It is of some interest to observe the distribution of the one hundred selections: Shakespeare has fif-

teen; Shelley nine; Burns, Wordsworth and Keats, seven each; Tennyson, six; Milton and Browning, five each; Byron, four; Hood, three; Herrick, Waller and Henley, two each; while twenty-five poets and one anonymous writer have one each. It is a good sign to see the classics of literature in Pocket Editions; it argues familiarity with the best, and that surely brings a better taste and culture.

Three other booklets of the Crowells are quite different, but as closely related in themselves by their special character. These are "Stories of King Arthur and his Knights," adapted from Malory's "Morte d'Arthur" by U. Waldo Cutler; "Stories of Robin Hood and his Merry Outlaws" by J. Walker McSpadden; and "Synopsis of Dickens's Novels" by J. Walker McSpadden. The Arthur volume is embellished with illustrations from photographs of the Arthur country: the cliffs of Tintagell in Cornwall, the Winchester Cathedral and Old Gate; Stonehenge, and the Ruins of Glastonbury Abbey. The "Robin Hood" was a more original and a somewhat harder task. It takes the old tales in rhyme—the numerous Robin Hood ballads—and seeking to preserve the spirit of the old songs and their main situations weaves a story in continuous prose. Each chapter is happily preceded by a bit of illustrative ballad. "The Synopsis of Dickens's Novels" was the result of a similar piece of work done by the author on Shakespeare's plays. This is not the first book on the subject, though it is an entirely independent one. There is a chronological list of Dickens's published volumes, the date of the appearance of each novel, the cast of characters and the argument of the story. The index enables us to see the vast wealth of Dickens's creative imagination, the total number of characters created mounting into the hundreds.

Mr. Tudor Jenks has introduced a series of "Lives of Great Writers" with two small volumes, "In the Days of Chaucer: the Story of his Life and Times," and "In the Days of Shakespeare"

(A. S. Barnes & Co., New York). They are intended as popular introductions of their subjects and are to be judged as such. The Chaucer volume seems to be the more successful of the two, partly because of the inherent romantic interest in Chaucer's time and partly because of the difficulties and uncertainties always attaching to Shakespeare. The life of Chaucer gives the opportunity for a picturesque description of England and English manners in the fourteenth century. To each volume is appended a brief Bibliography, a chronological table of the poet's life and work, and an index.

Messrs. D. C. Heath & Co's. Belles Lettres series is more than fulfilling its expectations in putting forth scholarly editions in a cheap attractive form. Section I., on English literature in the Anglo-Saxon period, contains Professor Bright's "Gospel of St. Matthew" and "Gospel of St. John" in West Saxon. They are companions of the "Gospel of St. Luke" published by the same editor some years ago, and are warmly dedicated to Professor Bright's colleague at the Johns Hopkins University, Dr. Gildersleeve—the Anglo-Saxon scholar of our country to its Greek scholar.

The series on the Drama began admirably in both scholarly spirit and literary appreciation with Professor Schelling's edition of two plays by Ben Jonson and Mr. Austin Dobson's edition of Goldsmith's two plays—two happily chosen enthusiasms. The series is continued now by Professor Arlo Bates's edition of Browning's plays—"A Blot in 'Scutcheon," "Colombe's Birthday," "A Soul's Tragedy" and "In a Balcony"—and by Professor Sampson's Webster. The latter is an unusually delicate and fine piece of work. The readers of the SEWANEE will recall a paper not mentioned in the Bibliography, Mr. C. M. Hamilton's "The Duchess of Malfi as a Tragedy-of-Blood." Browning is essentially a dramatic poet, while we hardly think of him as a dramatist any more than Tennyson or our American Longfellow. But in a series admitting Byron and Shelley all these might well be included. In the Browning Bibliography there is a curious

confusion between "Symons" and "Symonds" and Mr. Chesterton's "Browning" in the English Men of Letters series is not cited.

Professor George has long been known as an enthusiastic Lakist and we have before had occasion to comment on his Wordsworth and Coleridge volumes. The present "Select Poems of Coleridge" is but the former 1902 volume, mention of which was made at the time, uniformly bound with the rest of the series.

Under the caption "Forms of Public Address" (Henry Holt & Co., New York) one would hardly look for as delightful a book as Professor George P. Baker of Harvard has given us. The title might lead one to suspect lurking behind it some obscure—if Professor Baker could be obscure—certainly abstruse and (to all but teachers of rhetoric and specialists) recondite details of rhetorical form. Not at all. It is a helpful and unusually interesting book of selections and ought to engage the attention of any teacher and intelligent class. There are some sixty specimens, on the whole happily chosen. The list includes private letters and open letters, editorials, eulogies and commemorative addresses and dedications, addresses of welcome and farewell, inaugurals and speeches on academic occasions, addresses on social questions, legislative and political questions, and five after-dinner speeches. Truly, a full bill-of-fare!

One doesn't quite see why Mr. Stephens's speech on Secession should be virtually the only one to represent the Southern States, a section rather prone to "forms of public address." This speech does represent the South; only there have been other interests among Southern statesmen and thinkers as well and there have been some Southern statesmen and thinkers. The inclusion of Booker T. Washington's Atlanta speech is entirely just. The oldest and most historic specimen is Johnson's letter to the Earl of Chesterfield on the subject of his Dictionary. Zola's "I Accuse" letter; President Roosevelt's memorandum on the appeal of Admiral Schley; Conkling's nomination of General Grant and Blaine's commemoration of Garfield; Lincoln's Gettysburg address and two inaugurals; speeches of Wendell Phillips and George

William Curtis are other instances of most varied forms and subject-matter. President Eliot of Harvard, an unusually effective speaker, is quoted twice. The after-dinner speeches incline too far to Harvard occasions, something perhaps natural in a Harvard professor who remembered having heard them.

A new number in the series of "Literary Lives," under the general editorship of Dr. W. Robertson Nicoll, is Mr. W. Hale White's "John Bunyan," (Scribner's). Other volumes in the series treat Matthew Arnold, Cardinal Newman, Coventry Patmore, Charlotte Brontë, R. H. Hutton, Hazlitt and Goethe. The strong face of Bunyan, which serves as frontispiece, is from the portrait by Robert White in the British Museum. The opening chapter contains an outline of Bunyan's life based upon his "Grace Abounding," regarded as intimately autobiographical. There follows a vivid presentation of Bunyan as preacher, whereupon each of the chief works, the "Pilgrim's Progress," the "Life and Death of Mr. Badman," and "The Holy War," is considered in detail, the volume concluding with reflections on Bunyan and Puritanism. Acknowledgements are made to previous works—pre-eminently Dr. Brown's biography and also Froude's. That which is here new is the conciseness and the interpretation. The emphasis is laid upon Bunyan's essential humanity. His success—and he still demands reading and study—was due not to the fact that he was a Puritan or a theologian or a preacher, but because he was essentially and intensely human. And this humanness carried with it, as it always carries, the literary quality. Bunyan clothed even theology with human feeling and passion; and this accounts for his marvellous eloquence and power over the hearts and minds of men, a power not yet relaxed. The illustrations, now usual with every modern book, are made from photographs of places in Bedford and Elstow associated with Bunyan's life.

The opportunities accorded to missionaries among peoples in savagery or barbarism, for studying the social organization, the folk lore and other institutions of these primitive peoples, and

thus contributing to our store of knowledge of ethnology and anthropology, are unfortunately rarely embraced. The aim of the missionary is to improve the condition of the people to whom he is sent; to lift them up from heathen superstition into the light of Christianity; to accelerate their progress toward civilization. Some day perhaps it will be discovered that the missionary will be best equipped for his work who is best acquainted with the ethnic conditions of the people to whom he is sent. If any are now being thus prepared for missionary work, they will be greatly aided by the record of Rev. Dr. Nassau's "Forty Years' Observations of Native Customs and Superstitions" in West Africa. In the midst of these long years of service as a Presbyterian missionary in the Gabun District of Kongo-Francaise, the Reverend Robert Hamill Nassau, M.D., S.T.D., has collated a mass of material and has prepared a number of essays upon subjects connected with the negroes of the West Coast of Africa. Some of these essays were read at Missionary Board meetings in this country; some were published in bulletins of the American Geographical Society; and one was lent to Miss Mary H. Kingsley to aid in the preparation of her "Travels in West Africa." And now by the action of the Board of Missions, Dr. Nassau has been permitted to collect his notes, rearrange therewith the bulletins already published by the Geographical Society, and cast the whole in the form of a book on "Fetichism in West Africa," (Chas. Scribner's Sons). The chapter on the Constitution of Native African Society, the chapters on the native religions, and on Fetichism in its varied aspects of philosophy, worship, government, and "medicine," and finally the two groups of folk tales presented, are all valuable contributions to our knowledge of a primitive people. Incidentally the book gives us the origin of the voodooism practiced in America and of the delightful tales of Uncle Remus. The illustrations (a map and several photographic reproductions) contribute to our geographical knowledge.

"The Splendor of the Human Body," (Longmans, Green & Co.), is the appropriate title of a series of addresses by Bishop

Brent on the "Order," "Magnitude," "Divinity," "Sanctity" and "Glory" of the human body. The book is dedicated to the boys of Groton School. While we can imagine no subject concerning which boys need more reverent and careful instruction than this which the Bishop has chosen, we cannot but think his treatment is a little too theological and vague for the average Grammar School boy. In our opinion his book is much better suited to the comprehension of College men and of those who have studied, as the Bishop evidently has done, the latest results of science as they affect the development and perfection of the body. The Bishop very properly aims to awaken reverence for the body by first showing that it is the result of a process of physical revolution—the greatest and most wonderful of all God's handiwork. From this vantage ground, he passes on to show that the perfection and glory of the body is not finally reached until it is taken into union with God in Christ. The Incarnation, therefore, is the supreme revelation of the divinity of the body. The last chapter, which is by far the most practical and plain-spoken in the book, contains some valuable advice to parents and guardians who have the care of young boys. "Not words of warning and mystery" are what is needed, says the Bishop, "but words of inspiration and frank instruction are what will fire the boyish mind with jealous self-respect, youth's best armor."

The Bishop of York has collected and edited from the writings of Alexander Knox five treatises on the two leading sacraments of the Church—two essays on Baptism and three on the Holy Communion. The volume bears the title "The Grace of Sacraments, being treatises on Baptism and the Eucharist by Alexander Knox" (Longmans, Green, & Co., New York). Knox was a prominent layman of the Church of England who lived in Ireland the latter part of the eighteenth century and the beginning of the nineteenth. He was a friend and correspondent of John Wesley and was deeply influenced by Wesley in developing a life of personal piety. His writings were largely letters to friends, but were really essays or treatises on theological topics

in which he was deeply interested. After his death were published four volumes of "The Remains of Alexander Knox," and they have never been republished. The Archbishop has found them in his own experience so helpful that he feels that this new edition of certain selections is deserved both for their theological content and for their literary style.

Four dainty volumes for the young have been issued by Longmans, Green & Co., making the first of a series of "Simple Guides to Christian Knowledge," edited by Florence Robinson, formerly of St. Hilda's Hall, Oxford. There are children's books a plenty in other departments of literature, and so, why not here?—thinks the editor. They are attractive booklets, each volume having several illustrations, often in color, as seems necessary with all book-making now-a-days. The choice here is to be specially commended. "The Story of Our Lord's Life" by Maud Montgomery, is provided with eight colored reproductions from water-color drawings after the frescoes by Gaudenzio Ferrari in the Chapel of Mont de Varallo, Piedmont. "The Early Story of Israel" by Evelyn Thomas, takes its illustrations from Holman Hunt, Millais, Watts, Rembrandt and Michael Angelo. "The Teaching of the Catechism" by Beatrice Ward, shows a Madonna by Murillo, the Litchfield Cathedral, St. Paul's Choir, and representations of windows with designs by Watts. The illustrations in "The Work of the Prophets" by Rose Selfe, reproduce the strong conceptions of Isaiah, Malachi, Daniel and Zechariah by Frederick Shields, in the Chapel of the Ascension, London; Watts's "The People which Sit in Darkness;" the "Joel" of Michael Angelo, from the Sistine Chapel in Rome; and Raphael's "Vision of Ezekiel" from the Pitti Palace in Florence.

Messrs. Longmans, Green & Co. also publish two additional volumes of the "Handbooks of the Clergy," edited by Arthur W. Robinson: "Charitable Relief" by Clement F. Rogers, and "Elementary Schools" by W. Foley Norris. The need of instruction and of system in all social work for both town and country, and the confused relations of education with both Church and State, are entire justification for both volumes.

A school book, noteworthy in its clearness and judgment as well as by its many well selected illustrations, is the "School History of the United States" (Silver, Burdett & Co., New York), by Dr. Henry A. White, sometime Professor of History in Washington and Lee University. It looks teachable for the younger ones and is attractive to "grown ups."

We are in receipt of the first two volumes of the Colonial Records of Georgia edited by Allen D. Candler under the auspices of the Georgia Legislature (Geo. W. Harrison, State Printer, Atlanta). North Carolina has already published her colonial records; the records of some of the oldest eastern counties in Virginia are appearing among the publications of Messrs. Fox, Duffield, & Co., of New York. Further, South Carolina, Alabama and Mississippi are all active. The historical importance of its early record to every State is now universally recognized, and it is pathetic how much has been permitted everywhere to become lost. In the case of Georgia, certain records painfully copied from originals in England nearly seventy years ago, were lent freely about the State and at last were borrowed by a college professor whose house naturally burned down and, of course, the records with it. One advantage in having waited so long is that, even with actually less material, to-day more scientifically correct historical principles can be applied and the work be thus better done for all time. The spelling of the present text is modern apart from obvious abbreviations of titles. There is needed badly a table of contents—of the chief divisions and headings—even if not an index of important matters.

The report of the Librarian of Congress for the year ending June, 1904 (Government Printing Office, Washington) is no mere formal document, but contains much that is both interesting and extremely valuable. The selection of a thoroughly trained librarian in the person of Mr. Herbert Putnam for this

important position was a great boon to the nation. This Library has already completely altered our conception of the city of Washington. It is not only a place to visit for its public buildings, its parks, and its streets, for its political importance as the seat of the national Government and its social prestige, for the place where offices are to be distributed and all sorts of measures to be abetted or opposed; but in less than a decade it has become a most serious place for research and investigation and study and writing and work. Such a change can a great Library alone bring at once upon a city or an institution, imparting a new character to it. For similar revolutions, one may take the new developments at Columbia, Yale, and Princeton, the central commanding position of the Library on the campus of prevaillingly scientific institutions like Cornell and Pennsylvania, and the case of a State University like Wisconsin. The Boston Public and Harvard Libraries have long given the community surrounding them a definite character.

One very natural result is that the Library at Washington is becoming the training spot for librarians over the country. Two who have lately been sent out and are revolutionizing the library idea in their respective States are the librarians of the Virginia State Library at Richmond and of the University of Texas. Many notable accessions have been made to the Library at Washington among the 150,000 volumes, pamphlets, and manuscripts that have been added within the past year: the Hattala collection in Slavic Philology, the Weber collection on Sanskrit, many additions to the files of the government publications, etc. Among important manuscripts are the papers of Martin Van Buren, Elihu B. Washburne, Chancellor James Kent, William Thornton, designer of the Capitol, John M. Clayton, and others. Those of special importance to students of the history of the Southern States are the papers of James K. Polk and Andrew Johnson of Tennessee, ninety letters of Duff Green of Georgia, and papers of Governors Pickens and Bonham of South Carolina relating to the Confederacy.